

THE NEW
Modern Story-Teller ;
IN A VARIETY OF
ORIGINAL TALES and NOVELS,
In VERSE and in PROSE.
Among which is now first published,
BY DESIRE,
The celebrated TALE of the
LAWYER AND HIS INKHORN.
WITH
A NEW EPILOGUE.

Dum nihil habemus majus calamo ludimus.

Phœd. l. 4.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for J. WILLIAMS, No. 38, Fleet-Street;
M.DCC,LXXII.

THE NEW
Modern Story - Novels

ORIGINAL TALES and NOVELS

IN THREE AND A HALF VOLUMES

By the Author of the

THE NEW

THE NEW

BRITISH MUSEUM



A NEW

THE NEW

THE NEW

VOL. I

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A

SHORT TRACTATE

O F

STORY TELLING.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.
HOR.

I'VE heard it oft advanc'd by fools,
That all things may be learnt by rules;
And that a man by rules of art will
Construct a poem or a cart well:
For what are bards but mental cooks?
And whence their science drawn? from books.
To make good po'try then, or pudding,
Mind your receipt, and put what's good in;
Wit, humour, genius, all a jest are,
Nor do they signify one tester.
The dunce the most devoid of wit,
The veriest plodding, stupid cit,

VOL. I.

B

A

A Dryden, Pope, or Swift may shine,
 By help of plumbet, rule and line.
 Build hexametre, or pentametre,
 By only taking their diametre.
 Rightly observing, at same time,
 The phrase "bards mallet out a rhyme ;
 " By such a bard that such a work is,
 " Made into English from the Turkish ;"
 Which, say they, plainly marks what pains,
 What threshing of the poet's brains,
 What sweat mechanic's requisite,
 To bring the ill-form'd cub to light.

Rules, we admit, when plann'd with sense,
 To merit claim no small pretence ;
 Wit, wild as colt, they oft reclaim,
 Apt to run wild in search of fame ;
 And teach, with dignity and grace,
 To amble in a pleasing pace :
 But, void of wit, no rules, no art,
 Can teach to win upon the heart :
 Nature, or genius, which you please,
 Alone confers that graceful ease ;
 Still feeds the unexhausted mine,
 And stamps true sterling on each line.

In short—in ev'ry occupation,
 From snob, to him who rules a nation,
 If genius deign not to inspire,
 And nature fan the genial fire,
 Cobler and prince may both expect
 Equal derision and neglect.

My pupils then, who, fond to please,
 Would tell a tale with grace, with ease,
 Charm ev'ry breast with joy elate,
 And make us feel what you relate,
 O'er ev'ry sense strict empire keep,
 Call forth the laugh—compel to weep ;
 Take sober counsel, nor refuse
 T' obey the dictates of the muse.

First, let thy talents stand the test,
 And ask—" does genius fire my breast? "
 It does—take heed ! self-love applies
 False optics often to our eyes ;
 Be cautious—to some friend apply,
 On whose good sense you may rely ;
 Should he condemn, the task decline,
 And seek some other sphere to shine ;
 But if, impartial, he declare,
 You nick the matter to an hair ;

To mirth-full Momus raise a shrine,
 Thy brows with myrts and roses twine,
 Improve by art th'implanted spirit,
 And due applause shall crown your merit.

Now, nature to improve by art,
 Some few trite maxims we'll impart.
 First, let your voice, both sweet and clear,
 With music charm the ravish'd ear ;
 Vary the chords with nicest skill,
 Now gentle as yon murm'ring rill ;
 Now emulate the nightingale,
 That nightly warbles thro' the vale ;
 Now like the blust'ring boreas roar,
 Or waves that lash the sounding shore :
 In one dull tenor should you keep,
 You lull your auditors to sleep ;
 Nor can you give to words their weight,
 Depicture actions nobly great,
 Or contrast well your light and shade,
 Unless due emphasis be laid.
 Next, would you thoroughly excell,
 Your action you must study well ;
 Strive to add dignity and grace,
 To ev'ry feature of your face ;

For

[v]

For there, as in a sketch express'd,
The tale, ere told, should stand confess'd.
So Roman Mimes in former days,
By gesture only acted plays,
And made their audience weep—rejoice
Unaided by the power of voice.
If rhetoric silent has the skill,
To bend the heart which way it will,
What may it not in language dress'd ?
By proper attitudes express'd ?

Lastly, my pen shall be employ'd
To teach you what you must avoid.
Shun dull prolixity, a vice,
Of which most persons have a spice ;
The poet's wit will nought avail,
Prolixity still damns the tale ;
For in the wordy torrent tost,
The genuine humour all is lost :
'Tis as some fool of shallow brain,
Into the sea should throw his grain,
Then bid his servant lay the cloth,
And ask you to eat barley broth.

Oaths we by no means can permit,
For swearing is no mark of wit :

Unmeaning expletives at best,
 They add no seas'ning to the jest,
 Nor serve a purpose but t' expose,
 Ill-breeding thro' embroider'd cloaths,

My pupils then, let this suffice,
 A word's enough to him that's wise :
 T'observe these rules exert your best,
 Good sense will dictate all the rest.

THE

THE
HUMOROUS MISTAKE.
A NOVEL.

*How many evils do perplex,
The man that meddles with the sex !*
HUDIBRAS imitated.

YES— ev'ry marry'd man was born,
Predestin'd member of the horn ;
Nor need I waste my ink to tell,
A truth experience proves as well :
Tho' sophists often rack their brain,
The clearest tenets to explain ;
And waste a quire, at least, to tell-ye,
Your head could not have been your belly ;
While some as learnedly agree,
That six must needs be more than three ;
And others clear, beyond a doubt,
That— in— is the reverse of— out ;

Nay, some, of greater impudence,
 Will give the lie to ev'ry sense,
 And prove, whate'er your nose may think,
 That dung smells sweet, and vi'lets stink ;
 That colours, which your eye deems bright,
 Are darker than the shades of night.
 And, if you say that fire is warm,
 What matter for a learned storm !
 Pliny they quote, and Aristotlle,
 Who drunk perhaps with t'other bottle,
 Or in the vale of years grown old,
 Took cold for heat, and heat for cold.

But to our tale :— there liv'd in Spain,
 (I know not in what prince's reign)
 A don of wondrous warmth and mettle,
 Who long'd to scour his handmaid's kettle.
 He often cast an am'rous eye,
 And wink'd, and blink'd, and heav'd a sigh ;
 But Molly seem'd as marble cold :
 (Whence we infer the don was old)
 Antonio (for so his name)
 Reveal'd at length his mighty flame ;
 Begg'd she'd consent to heal his smart,
 And pluck love's arrows from his heart ;
Squeez'd

Squeez'd her soft hand, and kiss'd her lip;
 And fumbled somewhere near her hip;
 Then cock'd his pistol at the fair,
 And aim'd— I need not tell you where.
 But virtuous Molly crying murder,
 Prevented his proceeding further.
 Antonio conjur'd her to cease
 Her clamour, if she lov'd his peace;
 Slipt a few doubloons in her breast,
 And swore he only meant in jest:
 Then strict injoin'd her, on her life,
 To keep the secret from his wife.

Mary (tho' plac'd in humble station)
 Valued her precious reputation;
 And strait resolv'd to leave her place
 In future to avoid disgrace:
 Desir'd her mistress to look out,
 For one more able, strong, and stout;
 The work was far too much to do,
 For one of her unhealthy hue:
 Said, she was sorry from her heart,
 But so it was, and they must part.

Her mistress, who had long suspected,
 From matrimonial rites neglected,

That Tony, tired of his fare,
 Went oft in quest of fresher ware ;
 And e'en that honest, virtuous Mary
 Had frisk'd it to that same vagary ;
 Began :—" You baggage, do you think
 " I've eyes, yet cannot see a wink ?
 " I well foresaw this sad disaster,
 " This comes of romping with your master."
 " I romp !—take heed, ma'am, what you utter :
 " I'll make you prove"—" what's that you
 mutter ?
 " Does not that prominence before,
 " You wanton jade, proclaim you whore ?
 " Oh ! I could tear that beauteous face,
 " Cause of thy ruin, my disgrace."—
 " For heav'n's sake, madam," Molly cries,
 (Two torrents gushing from her eyes)
 " Do not unjustly blast my fame ;
 " My bread's dependant on my name.
 " 'Tis jealousy deceives your eyes ;
 " I still retain my maiden size :
 " Nor will surrender up the place,
 " Till ring be bought and priest say grace.
 " For g-d's sake do suspend your fury,
 " Nor cast me without judge or jury ?"

Her

Her mistress nods consent, and Molly
 Disclos'd her master's am'rous folly :
 All he had done, all he had said ;
 The battle fought near maidenhead ;
 And with what dextrous vigour she
 Had parry'd off his tweedle-dee.

Her mistress now soon chang'd her song,
 Confess'd she had been in the wrong ;
 Fill'd for her honest, virtuous Mary,
 A swinging bumper of canary ;
 And (having swallow'd two herself)
 Replac'd the bottle on the shelf.
 When thus :—" Well, child, I'm glad to find,
 " That you're a girl of virtuous mind ;
 " Keep safe from spot that lovely gem,
 " More precious than a diadem ;
 " Never again let mortal feel it,
 " For if you do, he'll surely steal it :
 " Oh ! there's such luxury in touch ;—
 " Depend upon't you'll grant too much :
 " Then, when a nine months tumour's risen,
 " Who'll father pug, when out of prison ?
 " Long since these truths I have been taught
 " B' experience, which is best when bought.
 " Indeed,

" Indeed, when once you've got a spouse,
 " Love as you list, nor care a soufe ;
 " Kifs where you please and play your rigs,
 " Who owns the sow must own the pigs.
 " What girl would wear a wedding ring,
 " Were not a spouse an useful thing ?
 " When once you're link'd in Hymen's knot,
 " Let the world talk, nor care a jot ;
 " Your dear, like jerkin of stout leather,
 " Will shield you both from wind and weather.
 " You need no other service seek,
 " I'll settle all, before a week ;
 " And bring my Tony, wanton fool,
 " Upon repentance' doleful stool.
 " I've got a crotchet in my brain,
 " Which, in few words, I shall explain ;
 " But, first, I think, we'll taste once more
 " The cordial which we sipp'd before :
 " To ease our grief it hath the charm ;
 " Come, I'll insure you, child, from harm ;
 " Don't be so squeamish ; drink it up :
 " See, I have fill'd my second cup."

Reader, let's leave those jolly lassies,
 To sit a little o'er their glasses.

For

For sure I am they'll not give o'er,
 'Till cherish'd bottle flows no more.
 I'll do my best to entertain ;
 Avert, ye gods, my wish prove vain !

'Tis thou, great Bacchus, god of wine,
 Canst metamorphose men to swine ;
 And, vice versa, which seems odd,
 Canst raise a mortal to a god.
 Thy fumes oft give to fools pretence,
 To pass themselves for men of sense ;
 And cause the genius of true wit,
 As stupid as an owl to sit.
 Thou oft delight'st to pick a quarrel,
 Then cement all with t'other barrel ;
 Or cause the teacher of true breed,
 To hiccup and deny his creed.
 To soaring fancy thou giv'st wings,
 And lo ! the unfledg'd poet sings ;
 And, by thy fumes his noddle fir'd,
 By Phœbus deems himself inspir'd :
 Then, if he have a knack at sing-song,
 Can, like Bow bell, chime dong-dingding dong,
 Wastes ink and paper, brains and time,
 In clinching dull unmeaning rhyme.—

Now

Now let us shift the scene again :
 See, the true genius takes the pen :
 How vain !— he can't compose a line
 Unless thy gen'rous aid divine,
 Give him in brilliant thought to shine.
 Thro' thee we may extend our hopes,
 To future Drydens, Swifts, and Popes ;
 For bard of true Orpheian stock,
 Is like a well-constructed clock.
 Wind it when down, it goes again ;
 And so 'tis with the poet's brain ;
 Unless you wind he writes in vain.
 Didst thou not raise the spirit high,
 Could Squintum roll his goggle eye ?
 Foam, and be calm ; then foam again,
 Until he turn his audience' brain ;
 Or Sammy Foote, with truest wit,
 Ape him until your sides you split ?
 Could lawyers wrangle at the bar,
 Atchieve great feats in parchment war ;
 While money comes spin out your cause,
 By feign'd demurrers, and sham flaws ;
 Nor for their clients misery feel,
 Unless you cas'd their hearts with steel ?

To

To end :— the wit that solves this rebus,
Shall rise for's pains a second Phœbus.—

“ Whether in thee's more good, or evil ;

“ More of the god, or of the devil.”

But see—the bottle's at an end :

Resume we then our tale, my friend.

“ Well, Mary, to pursue my theme,

“ I'll now relate th' intended scheme —

“ Oh, this Canary's charming stuff !

“ What pity we had not enough !

“ We'll tap the other quart, I think,

“ Altho', God knows, I hate to drink :

“ Yet, when one's spirits are so low,

“ What can a body do ?— Hey-ho !—

“ The scheme I purpose, child, is this :

“ ('Tis laid so well it cannot miss)

“ When my poor noodle sues again,

“ Seem to take pity on his pain ;

“ And when he begs you'd ease his smart,

“ Confess you have no flinty heart ;

“ But that, for shame, you must delay

“ 'Till night's brown shade succeeds the day,

“ When you'll repair to the alcove,

“ And yield him all the sweets of love.

“ I'll

" I'll meet the gallant in your place,
 " By night he can't discern my face ;
 " And to make things more sure, suppose
 " I go attir'd in your old cloaths ?
 " Then when I catch him rem in re,
 " I wonder what he'll find to say !
 " I warrant he'll be so confounded,
 " He'll wish himself, or hang'd, or drown'd."

Mary, with smirk, approv'd the jest,
 And promis'd to exert her best.

As 'prentice boy, who's got a gun
 Longs for a little Christmas fun ;
 And, tho' he take as sure an aim
 At a wild duck as at a tame,
 Does still his shot and powder waste,
 On birds he cannot hope to taste ;
 So the good Spaniard (who would fain
 Shoot, tho' alas ! his shot were vain)
 Still view'd the fair with letch'rous eye,
 But dar'd not speak—this reason why.
 " The donzel," said he, "may relate,
 " The matter to my loving mate,
 " Who only wants a string to harp on ;
 " Odsbuds ! I know her for a sharp one.

" If

" If once she knows I would have play'd
 " At hoity toity with her maid,
 " She'll ding me with connubial thunder,
 " And I, Peel Garlick, must knock under."

Mary, who guess'd how matters stood,
 Resolv'd to fire his lazy blood ;
 Took more than usual pains and care,
 To wash her neck, and braid her hair ;
 With languish fraught her roguish eyes,
 Then, when he caught them, with surprize
 Turns to the ground, and softly sighs.

Antonio, with joy elate,
 Like hungry gudgeon took the bait ;
 Firmly imagining that she
 Heav'd sigh to sigh by sympathy ;
 That her fond soul had caught the fire,
 And would submit to his desire ;
 Resolv'd once more to try his lot,
 And strike while th' iron still was hot.
 Amaz'd, he found her all compliance :
 On woman, thought he, what reliance !
 Like weather-cocks their fickle mind,
 To no one point is long inclin'd ;

But

But now to south, and now to east ;
This moment mourn, the next they feast.

So well the arch-one topp'd her part,
So wrought herself into his heart,
That tho' an avaricious elf,
Who's wishes center'd all in pelf ;
Who would not part with a doubloon,
To be dubb'd emp'ror of the moon ;
She, by the aid of mighty love,
Transform'd the vulture to a dove ;
And took him in (if fame tell true)
For doubloons four— we'll set down two.—
The reason this, 'twixt you and I,
Dame fame delights to amplify ;
And (like the wit in days of yore)
Make two eggs three— nay, sometimes four.
But authors, who know tare and tret,
Will ne'er let fame die in their debt,
The bales still careful to subtract,
In which her flimsy goods are pack'd :
And always make a due recision,
For wilful blunders, or misprision.
Reader, we've oft detain'd thee long,
On matter foreign to our song——

We

We drivers of the mental stage
Must sometimes loiter thro' a page,
To breathe our nags, and take a sup
To keep our flagging spirits up;
Then, when we've tir'd your patience out,
And you begin to swear and flout,
Masters, we cry, from rage refrain,
We'll soon our loiter'd time regain;
So—Jehu Muse!—sweep o'er the plain.

Next night, at an appointed hour,
The lovers were to seek the bow'r.
Antonio snatch'd a parting kiss,
Prelude to more substantial bliss;
And swore each hour would tell for ten,
Until he met his love again.

Now, tho' Antonio thought for certain,
No one had hid behind the curtain;
A certain Gentleman, 'tis said,
Popp'd in, unknown, his crafty head;
And overhearing their intent,
Resolv'd their scheme to circumvent.
This gentleman, in diff'rent place,
Does with his jacket change his face;

Yet

Jet black he shews him to our sight :
 Beyond the line his phiz is white.
 Some countries treat him with respect,
 While others shew as much neglect.
 Most people here his name detest,
 And yet to serve him do their best.
 Strange Paradox !— but yet how plain !—
 Ask ev'ry griping son of gain.
 Now for his name :— that differs too,
 As much as does his shape and hue.
 Let it suffice we call him— hic—
 Satan— vulgariter Old Nick.
 He whisper'd in Antonio's ears
 Ten thousand doubts, and ditto fears.
 “ Suppose my maid with child should prove,
 “ Destroy the produce of our love ;
 “ Then swear it was by my command,
 “ She lifted up her murd'ring hand ;
 “ To save myself how can I hope,
 “ From that untoward swing, a rope ?
 “ Suppose my wife should smell us out,
 “ And catch us in the am'rous bout.—
 “ 'Tis better surely to forego,
 “ A pleasure link'd with so much woe.

“ Yet,

“ Yet, should I disappoint the last,
 “ Who knows what thence may come to pass;
 “ Of disappointed women’s rage,
 “ We’ve samples seen in ev’ry age.
 “ She’ll tell the tale, but ere ’tis told,
 “ New-cast it in invention’s mould;
 “ And take, for certain, special care,
 “ That all the guilt become my share.
 “ What’s to be done?—how compromise?—
 (When subtle Satan thus replies :)
 “ Send your man Miguel in your stead;
 “ A lad of right cythereal breed:
 “ He loves the sport, will seek her arms,
 “ And crop the blossoms of her charms.
 “ You then may boldly stand the test,
 “ And chuckle and enjoy your jest;
 “ And, if you chuse, at second hand,
 “ A slice, she’ll be at your command.
 “ Then if nine moons bring proof of love,
 “ ’Tis Miguel’s—witness the alcove.”

The project pleas’d— and Miguel (ask’d)
 Rejoic’d to be so sweetly task’d;
 Promis’d the summons to obey,
 And meet her at the close of day.

Soon

Soon as the sun retir'd to supper,
 And madam Night, who rid in crupper,
 The cloth had laid, had spread the table,
 And shut his steeds up in their stable ;
 Miguel with quick, tho' silent pace,
 Approach'd the happy blissful place,
 Scene of his master's dire disgrace.
 His mistress who'd got there before,
 Soon as he enter'd shut the door,
 Lest any remnant glympse of light
 Reveal her to her husband's sight.
 Miguel, who was as much afraid
 Of being detected by the maid,
 In silence clasp'd her in his arms,
 And rifled her autumnal charms.
 Great to be sure was her surprize,
 Both at the vigour and the size,
 She took for granted spouse had found
 The mill where age to youth is ground ;
 Or that some secret charm or spell,
 Enabled him to kifs so well.

Soon as the curtain was let down,
 Thus she attun'd :— “ You nasty Clown,
 “ Is't thus you rob me of my dues,
 “ While you repair to public stews ;

“ Or

“ Or your own virtuous maid entice,
 “ To be companion of your vice?—
 “ Are thus my virtues all requited?
 “ Abus’d, neglected, wrong’d and slighted?”

Miguel was mute, as struck with thunder,
 When he perceiv’d th’ egregious blunder;
 And trembled lest the Spaniard’s knife,
 In jealous rage should seek his life.

Meanwhile Antonio joy’d to think,
 How he had scap’d from danger’s brink;
 And might from thence enjoy the lass,
 Fearless of what might come to pass.

“ This ’tis,” said he, “ to be a schemer;

“ A fig for ev’ry idle dreamer!

“ Mine is on basis sure erected:

“ A nobler plan was ne’er projected.

“ Oh! what a loss to this poor nation,

“ The court was not my destination;

“ I’d have subdued both Turk and Briton,

“ Nor left them e’en a stool to sit on.”—

While thus intent, who should he spy,

But Molly, laughter in her eye.

“ Why, how now, jilt—did you not swear

“ You’d meet me?—settle when, and where!

“ And

" And yet'— " Dear fir, I pray forgive;
 " 'Twas meant well, as I hope to live:
 " My miftrefs only took my place,
 " To fhield us both from sad difgrace."—
 " How!--took your place!--z-ds--fury--devil!
 " How fhall I now prevent the evil?
 " Hold, Miguel, hold, nor dare proceed!--
 " We're in the wrong"—" I've done the deed,"
 Cries he—" you fhould have fooner fpoke,
 " For now, in troth, 'tis paff a joke."—
 His lady, like a virtuous dame,
 Breath'd nought but fury, fire, and flame;
 Call'd him a devil—a rogue—a brute:
 What——make his wife a prostitute!
 Yet her intent was (by the bye)
 The fport again with Mich to try.
 'Tis true, fhe ftorm'd till fhe was hoarfe,
 But thofe were only words of courfe.
 To fave appearances fhe knew,
 Was ev'ry prudent lady's cue.

Antonio pocketted his fhame,
 And try'd to footh his angry dame;
 Offer'd to turn his man away:
 But fhe thought—better he fhould ftay.

" What

- “ What reason to discharge the lad,
 “ Because you’re lecherous and mad ?
 “ Besides, if he should lose his place,
 “ He’ll render public our disgrace.
 “ We’d better keep, and use him well ;
 “ And I’ll be bound he’ll never tell.”

To end our tale :—historians say,
 That in some nine months and a day,
 This virtuous dame was brought to bed ;
 While simple Tony scratch’d his head.
 And Satan (author of the farce)
 His bus’ness finish’d, turn’d his a--se :
 Ye husbands link’d in Gordian noose,
 From which no sword but death’s can loose ;
 Know this :—that do whate’er ye can,
 Ye wear the antlers to a man.

THE
UNIVERSAL NOSTRUM.
A TALE.

*What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.*

HUDIBRAS.

YE Pupils, who surround our rostrum,
Know—gold's the universal nostrum.
Let churchmen preach whate'er they will,
Money's the safest, surest pill;
Bless'd anodyne for ev'ry ill. }
Should plumpjoles, then on Sunday next,
Snuffle out—riches—for his text,
And bid from gain avert your mind,
Tell him from me his words are—wind.
Like that voracious, greedy glutton,
Who spit upon his neighbours mutton,
He'd fain persuade you not to eat,
That he may swallow up your meat.

No,

No, no—each gownsman plump and sleek,
 With crest erect and rosy cheek,
 Knows gold all-potent fills the paunch ;
 Claret procures and ven'son haunch ;
 Your neighbour's daughter or his wife,
 And ev'ry luxury of life.—
 Come—let each wretch who pain endures,
 Approach, and hear the wondrous cures,
 That have been, and are daily done,
 By this best med'cine 'neath the sun—
 First :—there's my old friend lovegold pause,
 Can't read a tittle in a cause,
 Unless his client first applies
 Two golden optics to his eyes ;
 There's magic in 'em I'm certain,
 For—whip !—they draw the visual curtain,
 Restore him to his wonted sight,
 And give him to see wrong from right.—
 Judge Suckbribe troubled was with fits
 Of conscience qualm—disease of cits :
 Two doses of my pills I gave,
 He cur'd—a stout, and sturdy knave.
 Conscience now troubled him no more,
 Than reputation does a whore ;

Than wit a citizen—or mammon,
 The man that writes, or plays back-gammon.
 Bonus, whose gen'rous feeling mind,
 Virtues adorn'd of ev'ry kind ;
 Complain'd he could not touch his meat,
 Unless he'd friends to share the treat :
 We pretty freely gave our pill,
 Soon the unfocial tables fill ;
 Friends upon friends besiege his gate :
 Oh, what an happy turn of fate !—
 But deeming now his cure perfected,
 To take our medicine he neglected ;
 Relaps'd again, lost ev'ry friend ;
 Or those who to the name pretend,
 No more :—let it suffice our pills,
 Cure all Pandora's box of ills ;
 Where other arts of med'cine fail :—
 Proceed we to relate our tale.

In Holland once there liv'd a lord,
 (A worthier wight ne'er stretch'd a cord)
 Who knew to turn the ready penny,
 And of one stiver to make many.
 The motto round his arms was this :
 “ No pipe no dance—no pay no swifs.”

Tho'

Tho' he'd more pelf than he could spend,
 He'd neither pay his debts, nor lend :
 Despotic rul'd with iron rod,
 And would for mammon sell his god.
 It happ'd the parson of his vill,
 (A jolly cock that lov'd to swill)
 Had ta'n of drink so large a dose,
 It sent him to his last repose.

'Tis said the living brought in clear,
 Above an hundred pounds per year ;
 No wonder then so rich a bait,
 Brought thither many a candidate.—
 The servile troop, in sugar'd word,
 Address'd their speeches to the lord ;
 And after a panegyric,
 Which they'd have lavish'd on old nick,
 Upon a similar occasion,
 (Had he the right of presentation)
 They all concluded with a hope,
 That he'd create them village pope.

“ Pope—z-ds ! ”—a moment, sirs, refrain,
 Until my meaning I explain.
 Know, ev'ry petty village parson,
 Who's scarce a stool to set his a-se on,

Rules absolute, and with a nod ;
 Who dare resist the man of god ?
 A man who soars on learning's wing,
 Spells Greek, chops logic, and can sing.
 Besides, whene'er (as oft the case)
 He feeds poor wives with—carnal grace,
 His freedom with the liq'rish lasses,
 Dubs you not only bulls, but asses :
 You dare not sigh—you dare not moan,
 Nay hardly say your life's your own :
 Whence I infer in humble meter,
 He's great as successor of Peter.

The lord, who dar'd not ask a bribe
 In terms direct, bespoke the tribe :
 " Sirs—I have ta'n a resolution,
 " To stick fast to our constitution,
 " Which strict ordains that who can boast,
 " Most merit—only rule the roast.
 " Approach, and I'll propound a riddle :
 " Who best can solve it take the fiddle ;
 " To this an answer I require :
 " Who were Melchis'dec's dame and fire ?"

As when the aukward country clown,
 Pads it on foot to London town,
 He stares about with wild surprise,
 And wonder dances in his eyes ;

So

So the poor parsons stood amaz'd ;
 In wonder at each other gaz'd ;
 Their incapacity confest :
 When one more cunning than the rest,
 Stood up :—" I'll undertake," cries he,
 " To trace Melchis'decs pedigree.
 " Not his fire only and his mother
 " But eke his sister and his brother ;
 " But—good my lord, 'twill not be fit,
 " These stupid blockheads void of wit,
 " Who to gain knowledge take no pains,
 " Should reap the labour of my brains.
 " Go, sirs, and thumb the scriptures o'er :
 " Study as I've done heretofore :
 " So, when the living next falls void,
 " You'll worthy prove to be employ'd."

The claimants gone, he drew from's breeches,
 Two purses ; each of fifty pieces :
 For well he guess'd the precious ore,
 Would prove the key to ope the door.
 " My lord, the riddle I'll unfold,"
 Said he—" his father's name was—gold.
 " His portrait this, drawn from the life ;
 " And this, sir, of his virtuous wife :

" Like him as ever she can stare ;
 " They do not differ in a hair.
 " Accept the father and the mother,
 " Sister I have at home and brother ;
 " And, ere bright Phoebus sinks in night,
 " I'll sure convey them to your sight."

" Friend," quoth the lord, " the mark
 you've hit :

" What a prodigious fund of wit !
 " What solid reason—sense refin'd !—
 " Thou'rt th' incumbent to my mind.
 " Brother and sister send to me,
 " For with none else I'll trust the key."

From this short tale we may infer,
 Sops may be found for ev'ry cur.
 So—when you find a virtuous dame,
 Or patriot of exalted fame ;
 You have the reason in a trice :
 They never yet were bid their price.
 Could you command sufficient ore,
 You'd make e'en virtue's self a whore ;
 Who glows with patriotic flames,
 Cooler than water in the Thames.

My

My pupils then to horse---pursue
 The nimble game of yellow hue :
 For, on my word, the beauteous spoil,
 Will amply pay your sweat and toil.
 Than this no truer maxim pen'd :
 " Gold will still prove your better friend."

THE
LAWYER and his INKHORN.
A T A L E.

*The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle your all is in danger.*

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

MOST authors love to have a claw,
At the curmudgeons of the law ;
And ne'er enjoy their ink so much,
As when they've giv'n 'em an home touch :
Love to ring changes on their pleas,
As they on bills of cost and fees.
What can the reason be ?—I've hit :
Law is an antidote to wit ;
From whose dull embers rise a fume,
Which o'er the mind diffuse a gloom ;
A deadly gloom—destructive bane,
Of many a poet's fruitful vein.

How

How many Drydens, Swifts and Popes,
 Fertile in figures and in tropes,
 Poring o'er Cook on Littleton,
 (Or some such other fustly don)
 Have had their genius, once so bright,
 O'erspread by the thick mist of night !
 So, oft I have in day serene,
 Sol in meridian splendour seen ;
 When lo ! a cloud with vapours big,
 Not much unlike a judge's wig ;
 (In form, at least, if not in size,
 Hid the bright meteor from my eyes.

Suppose we now a contrast draw,
 'Tween books of wit, and books of law.

Reader, thou'st seen a play I trow ?
 If not—thou'st seen a puppet show ?
 Well then, for certain thou hast seen
 At end of act, or shift of scene,
 A varlet with nice art and care,
 The languid luminaries pare.
 The friendly engine quick supplies,
 Fresh rays of glory to your eyes :
 To snuffers then if you think fit,
 We will compare the book of wit.

They

They snuff away the mind's defects ;
 Clear the unpolish'd intellects,
 Render the genius strong and bright,
 Add keenness to the inward sight ;
 And give the mental torch to blaze,
 Brighter than Sol's meridian rays :
 But books of law extinguish quite
 The lamp, and leave us void of light.
 Those then—to make the contrast clear,
 T'extinguishers we will compare ;
 Which in dull chaos plunge the mind,
 In fetters shackled and confin'd.

Within few steps of that high court,
 Call'd Chancery—the best for sport :—
 For 'tis so full of briars and brakes ;
 Of quagmires, whirlpools, fens and lakes ;
 So circumscrib'd with quickset hedges,
 So grown with bulrushes and sedges ;
 That if you once turn in a cause,
 And hunt her fairly by the laws,
 Tho' ne'er so vig'rous you pursue,
 She'll run you years a score or two :
 And when you catch her and retreat,
 She's—ten to one—not fit to eat :

For

For the lank hounds of rav'nous brood,
 Oft suck her marrow and her blood.——
 There liv'd a wight, know him you must ;
 Nor need I say his name's C——t,
 And I am sure I need not tell ye,
 That—next his brief—he loves his belly.
 Why now I'd lay an even bet,
 You see him to-morrow take his whet,
 About the early hour of eight,
 Within a stones throw of Searle's gate.
 He when a clerk was always swilling,
 And spent his perquisites in jilling.
 Had many crafty tricks in's pate,
 Could shuffle and equivocate ;
 Wrangle and jangle, snarl and bawl,
 With any lawyer of them all.
 Once when he'd form'd a resolution,
 To stay a tott'ring constitution,
 By taking leave of that bad knack,
 Of bibbing wine and punch arrack,
 And with his co-mates for prevention,
 Enter'd into a wise convention,
 That whosoe'er ('fore noon) be found
 Swilling in tavern, fine a pound ;

The

The shark, of conscience jesuitick,
 Sav'd his own bacon by a trick.
 For when requir'd, per omnia vota,
 (Transgression prov'd) to fine his quota;
 He swore he would not pay a fouse,
 For he'd not tippled in the house;
 But had without the threshold quaff'd,
 The sweet, delicious morning draught.

It happen'd that this hopeful bird,
 In Trinity fourth of George the third,
 Had certain cause of high import,
 Set down for hearing in the court.
 Soon as the dawn he leap'd from's bed,
 In powder'd peruke clad his head;
 Then par'd his nails with nicest care,
 Humph!—my lord chanc'lor's to be there.
 Then to his clerk:—"come hither, Will,
 " Befure you bring the plaintiff's bill:
 " Defendant's answer:—let me see—
 " Folio nine hundred eighty-three.
 " 'Tis really too concise—I fear
 " We have not render'd matters clear.
 " Come down to the hall before they sit:
 " I'll step and take a sup and bit.

" Let's

“ Let’s see the title—day *versus* night—
 “ Aye—aye—the papers all are right.”
 Then trudg’d away to clear his gullet,
 With gen’rous grape-juice, and cold pullet.

Snigger, a dog who lov’d a joke,
 Met the prim gent and thus bespoke :
 “ Well met, my cock—why in such haste ?
 “ Z-ds, I’ve a bit will suit your taste !
 “ Sausage, you rogue, so plump and fine,
 “ With flask of gen’rous mountain wine.
 “ Well—will you pick a bit or no ?
 “ ‘There’s none but us, and honest Joe.’—
 Ask if e’er aldermanic beast,
 Refus’d to gorge at Lord May’s feast ;
 Or hungry prostitute to dine
 On chick and spar’gras at the Vine ;
 Then ask if this our bibbing wine-sack
 Refus’d to go and take his snack.
 He was no puny gent, not he,
 To break his fast on rolls and tea.
 “ Teal!” would he sneer,—“ tea!—what a pox!—
 “ Give me cold tea, right orthodox.
 “ A good beef stake and butter’d onion, —
 “ Beat all your rolls, in my opinion.
 “ Neighbour,

“ Neighbour, I’m your’s—sausage, I think
 “ Is no bad relish to good drink.
 “ But I can make no long delay,
 “ My cause you know comes on to-day.”

Well—down they sat to sausage fry’d,
 Pye, and the de’il knows what beside.
 The glass from hand to hand went round,
 Nor ever daign’d to touch the ground.
 They drank the chancellor and judges,
 With their subaltern slaves and drudges.
 Inspir’d with fumes of gen’rous wine,
 Our lawyer now began to shine ;
 Ran quickly thro’ the whole proceedings,
 Bill—answer—with their various readings.
 What clauses were by council lopt,
 Who their own phrases love t’ adopt ;
 Nor will the best of sense avail,
 Unless you weigh it in their scale.
 So if you set down—hand and foot,
 Depend on’t—foot and hand they’ll put.
 And why ?—because their clock-work brain,
 Of just discernment ha’nt a grain.
 So I have seen at puppet-show,
 Mechanick dolls walk to and fro’ :

But

But if y' attempt to right or left
 To turn—of motion they're bereft.
 Thus 'tis with those punctilious fages,
 Parents of so many dull pages ;
 They know all law but law of sense,
 To which they can claim no pretence.
 I think their dull phlegmatic souls,
 Are not unlike the jack at bowls.
 Both carry bias form'd of lead,
 By which to certain point they're sped :
 In this alone a difference seen :
 The jack seeks either side the green ;
 But turn the lawyer as you please,
 He still inclines to—froth and fees.

But to resume :—Snigger, who saw
 How he was fous'd o'er ears in law,
 Thought this to be the happy nick,
 When he might play th'intended trick ;
 Whips out his ink-horn from his pocket,
 Takes out the pen, and in the socket
 Claps a fine sausage, plump and sleek
 As any cook-maid's burnish'd cheek.
 Then—(having empty'd out the ink)
 Fills the void space with—what d'ye think ?—
 “ Mustard ”—

" Mustard"—you've guefs'd it to an ace :
 Then put the ink-horn in its place ;
 Resum'd his feat, mix'd in the chat,
 Untill our lawyer took his hat.—
 " Odsbuds !—past nine—I must depart :
 " Thank thee, dear Snig, with all my heart.
 " When shall we call on little Sally ?
 " You know she's mov'd to Fleecing-Alley.
 " Well, I must run—once more adieu !
 " I'll strive to dine with you at two."

The chanc'lor having ta'en his place,
 Twisted his thumbs—compos'd his face—
 And stroak'd his tow'r-like bush of hair,
 Went thro' the cause with nicest care.
 Our lawyer (for or in respect
 Of any omission or neglect,
 Defect, default, deficiency,
 Or other matter that might be,
 Wherein or whereby against the laws,
 His client might or could lose his cause)
 Us'd to take notes on what was said ;
 Unwilling to confide in's head :
 But when he went his pen to seek,
 Out pops the sausage plump and sleek.

Reader,

Reader, if ever spark of attick
 Inflam'd thy soul with love dramatic,
 Thou'lt surely seen our fav'rite play'r,
 In Hamlet fix his eyes, and stare
 At meal-daub'd ghost with eke some blood in,
 (Special ingredients for black pudding)
 Just so our lawyer look'd amaz'd :
 The council at each other gaz'd :
 The chancellor's long nose and chin,
 Describ'd a semicirc'lar grin.

Three times he twirl'd his thumbs around,
 Before his speech an utt'rance found.

When thus :--“ I do--not--know the reason--

“ Each thing should have its proper season.—

“ I find some people make this court

“ Of law, a scene of festive sport.

“ I think there's neither reason nor rhyme,

“ In dining at this early time ;

“ Nor is there either rhyme or reason,

“ To eat at this improper season ;

“ Reason or rhyme there sure is not,

“ In changing ink-horn to a pot ;

“ Rhyme or reason none there is,

“ In changing pens to saufages.

“ I think

" I think we'd better send for's maid,
 " And have a napkin decent laid.—
 " Why surely, fir, you never dipt on,
 " That maxim of our lawyer Littleton.—
 " Six hours we do allow to nod :
 " Four you must consecrate to god :
 " Two hours—no more—we do allot,
 " To pleasures of the spit or pot :
 " Six in law's garden you must weed :
 " Your remnant time the scriptures read."

" Now, firs,—if I may be allow'd,
 " To see thro' this mysterious cloud,
 " I think 'twas meant in wanton sport,
 " To ridicule this awful court.
 " Bring me the ink-horn—ha !—I think
 " We've mustard here instead of ink.
 " You see 'twas plainly his intention,
 " To bam us by this shrewd invention.
 " Sausage, and mustard as contrast,
 " Are meant—the fame of law to blast.
 " Taste but of this one single grain,
 " It strait excites a tickling pain ;
 " Kindly advises to retreat.
 " Unless you're proof against its heat ;
 " But

“ But ah ! the faufage, treach’rous varlet,
 “ (Like many a knave in coif of fcarlet)
 “ Doth fsmooth and foft infinuate,
 “ Itfelf into your belly’s gate ;
 “ Then, when you’ve fuck’d the traitor down,
 “ You’re taken in for half a crown,
 “ At leaft”—“how fo?”--“how fo, firs, why--
 “ It makes you moft confounded dry ;
 “ Exhausts your juices ; makes you drink ;
 “ Even as lawyers vend their ink.
 “ Now, firs, t’illuftrate this dark paffage :
 “ Suppofe this lawyer here a faufage.—
 “ This man, fuppofe, would go to law :
 “ Muftard—that’s prudencce—keeps in awe :
 “ And makes him dread Grimalkin’s paw.
 “ When lo ! this rogue with phiz demure,
 “ (So feemblant to a Simon Pure)
 “ In fpite of prudencce eggs to plead ;
 “ His purfe in fpite of prudencce bleed ;
 “ And ftill as he exhausts his ftore,
 “ His client’s thirft increafes more ;
 “ Refolv’d his antag’nift to foil,
 “ In fanguine hope to fhare the fpoil :
 “ How vain !—he dies : and to his heir
 “ Succeeds of this Troy fieve the care.

“ Proceedings

" Proceedings are again begun,
 " And so succeed from fire to son.
 " Now it appears, from what I've said,
 " What mischief lurks in that long head.
 " So gross th'affront, I think it meet
 " He be committed to the Fleet.
 " His very phiz bespeaks him arch :
 " Come, fir,—pack up your alls and march."

Our lawyer strait, on bended knee,
 Begs that he may put in his plea ;
 Infatuates, with much skill and art,
 That maxim—" hear the other part."

N-rt-n, a faucy swagg'ring bully,
 (Who't Billingsgate might shine a Tully)
 Pronounc'd with loud and ox-like roar,
 " Take off th' ins'lent son of a w—re !"—
 " Dares he the court's decrees dispute ?"
 When W—lb—m silenc'd thus the brute.
 W—lb—m, a sage of greatest merit,
 Pattern of honesty and spirit :
 Of words most happy in the choice,
 But most unhappy in a voice.
 " Know, brother, that what you advance
 " May pass for law in Spain or France ;
 " Their

“ Their courts compell’d are to fulfill,
 “ The dictates of superior will :
 “ But in this happy, blissful isle,
 “ Where liberty extends her smile,
 “ E’en to the meanest cot or hovel,
 “ Your conduct surely must seem novel.
 “ No—let the culprit make’s defence ;
 “ We’ll punish if we find offence :
 “ But if he only brought the meat,
 “ With an intent the same to eat—
 “ Now what I understand by—eating,
 “ Is th’ action of the grinders meeting ;
 “ By which a slice of veal or mutton,
 “ (But which it matters not a button)
 “ Is crush’d-broke-pounded mash’d and chew’d,
 “ And so converted into food.
 “ Now tho’ a sausage, firs—I mean :
 “ Pork stuff’d into a certain skin ;
 “ Being first broke, chopt, minc’d, hash’d
 and mash’d ;
 “ With pepper, salt and spices dash’d :
 “ Cannot at all be comprehended,
 “ In any wise liken’d to or blended
 “ With either the aforefaid meats ;
 “ Yet here the stress lies, on—who eats.

“ In

“ In what sense eating ought to be
 “ Taken :—the which, without a fee,
 “ I think I’ve fully made appear :
 “ Pithy—concise—and wondrous clear.”

Swift thro’ the fry a murmur ran,
 Oh raptures !—what a god-like man !—
 He’d prove I warrant wondrous clear,
 That rich Tokay is not small beer ;
 Demonstrate, for sufficient fee,
 That who’s depriv’d of sight can’t see.
 What honey from his lips doth flow !—
 The Chanc’lor stretch’d, and cried—hey-ho !
 For Morpheus’ sleep-inspiring rod
 Had touch’d his eyes and caus’d to nod.
 Then with a yawn—“ I think,” quoth he,
 “ We ought for plaintiff to decree :
 “ Council have prov’d most full and plain,
 “ Defendant’s title vague and vain. ◀
 “ My lord, you deviate from the case,”
 (Cries lawyer * * * * with brazen face)
 “ We’ve nought to do with plaintiff’s now :
 “ Your lordship’s been asleep I trow !—
 “ Asleep !”—his lordship quick replies,
 “ Know, sir, that as the king ne’er dies ;
 “ So,

“ So, tho’ I snore like any pig,
 “ Sleep like a castle-top or gig ;
 “ Like plough-man after hard day’s work,
 “ Or any laud’num drinking Turk ;
 “ You’re still to deem me broad awake :
 “ Aye—tho’ ten kingdoms were at stake.
 “ To take a nap is not so odd :
 “ Homer himself was known to nod.
 “ As for th’ attorney and his sausage,
 “ My will is, that they have free passage.
 “ For should we unto prison commit,
 “ Th’affair may spread, and some shrewd wit
 “ Record us in some paultry ditty,
 “ A laughing butt to all the city ;
 “ Unto the sad and dire disgrace
 “ Of this most sacred awful place.

EPILOGUE.

Methinks I see thee, sage, in law mature,
 Diseas’d in dullness without hope of cure ;
 Methinks I see thee shake thy muddy head,
 Then sneer, and cry :—“ such nonsense ne’er
 was read.

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D

“ Some

- “ Some fellow this of a satyric vein ;
 “ Lighter his purse I'll warrant than his brain.
 “ Had he, like me, read law books and been wise,
 “ With art Ovidian truth transform'd to lies ;
 “ Had he, like me, sold tautologic ware,
 “ Made parchment and Synonimas his care ;
 “ Like me he might have now been worth a
 plumb,
 “ And at the light-purs'd critic bit his thumb.
 “ Avaunt, poor scribbler, thou can't bark, not
 bite :
 “ What care we o'ergrown knaves for what
 you write ?”

For once, grave sir, I own you're in the right,
 The poet's purse is to a proverb light.
 'Cause few can reach that elegance of mind,
 To relish sense by purest wit refin'd.
 The crowd, corporeal objects entertain
 Beyond th' ideal paintings of the brain.
 Yet still of bliss the bard enjoys his share ;
 He hoards no gold—but then he hoards no care.
 Nor needs he Indian treasures to enjoy,
 Pleasures in vary'd change which ne'er can cloy.
 On fancy's pinions he explores the skies,
 Sees new creation on creation rise ;

In

In choir cœlestial hears the cherub sing;
 Or dwells where countries boast eternal spring.
 When he would shade him from the sultry heat,
 To cool Eurota's banks he makes retreat:
 Drinks the fresh zephyr, culls the fragrant
 flowers,

And dreams of love in jessmine-woven bowers.
 Now o'er the world he spreads his wide domain:
 Now feeds his sheep a tranquil rural swain.
 Creative fancy varies still the scene,
 The tempest broods, or gilds the sky serene.

Now, by the midwife of my teeming thought
 My pen—a kingdom I should think dear bought,
 Were I therefore to pay by way of fine,
 Of wit my slender, superficial mine.
 No—I will satiate with Parnassian joys,
 Laugh at grey youth, and wanton rev'rend boys;
 At misers, who hoard up an useless store,
 The slaves and drudges of their idol ore;
 At vile deformity in coat of lace,
 And affectation in a beauteous face;
 At haughty maids who (pass'd their youth and
 prime)
 Curse in their glass the ravages of time.

But where to vice the ripen'd folly grows,
I'll steel my pen and deal more solid blows.

Yes, Poësy, sweet mistress of my mind,
As turtle constant I, while you prove kind.
On thy lov'd lips I'll breathe my latest breath,
And, like the swan, harmonious chaunt in death.
My butter'd bays Apollo still shall cook,
And I will slack my thirst at Helicon's pure brook.

THE
WITTY DOCTOR.
A TALE.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend.

POPE.

GREAT parent of immortal phyc,
Healer of catharrs and of phthyfic,
Megrim, scrubbado, and dry gripes ;
Who tun'ft the human organ pipes ;
To whom fo many powder'd pericranes
We owe—tho' fraught with very little brains ;
Who once (a serpent's form belied)
Took unto Rome thy watry ride——
In that fhape thou, perhaps, didft mean,
To paint to thofe whose fight were keen,
By emblematical device :
Thy fons were crafty—giv'n to lies,

D 3

Slay

Slay ten for one they chance to cure,
 (By means infallible and sure)
 Thee, Esculapius, I invoke,
 In clouds of purest inky smoak.
 Deign thou to patronise my strain,
 For in thy honour flows my vein.
 A doctor's wit we here rehearse,
 Excepted from the gen'ral curse ;
 Who (tho' he wore some gravity
 Could shake his head and take his fee)
 Had (which few brethren of the pill
 Can boast)—good sense, and wit at will ;
 Was honest (as a doctor can)
 Nor would, on purpose, slay a man.
 Prescrib'd good wholesome boil'd and roast,
 Instead of—powder of rotten post.
 What better all the filthy slops,
 Brew'd in apothecaries shops ?
 Those gamblers and their cringing slaves,
 Who send such numbers to their graves,
 Together have agreed to hang ;
 Like any other cut-purse gang.
 The doctor feels your pulse—then pries
 (By th' aid of artificial eyes)

Into

Into your close stool—" very good—
 " But we must lose a little blood.
 " Here's some slight symptom of a fever :
 " I'll send a surgeon bleeds so clever,
 " His touch so light you'll hardly know,
 " Whether he's bled you yea or no.
 " He's a partic'lar friend of mine,
 " Invites me oft to sup and dine :
 " Gives ven'son haunch, and gen'rous wine.
 " If to cut finger puts a plaister,
 " Cries :—what a terrible disaster !
 " I greatly fear an inflammation—
 " But med'cine's not my occupation.
 " Some cooling draughts were fit I think :
 " Then I'm call'd in, and touch the chink.—
 " Draughts I'll prescribe too, shall keep off
 " Your fever, and that tickling cough."
 " Cough, sir,—I've none"—"no! but you may,
 " And by the college rules I say,
 " Physicians, of upright intent,
 " Possible evils should prevent.
 " Prescribe pill—bolus—emetic,
 " 'Cause, tho' in health, you may fall sick.
 " I have an honest skillful friend,
 " Whom I could wish to recommend ;

" 'Cause he's oft recommended me,
 " To many a substantial fee.
 " No one compounds so well a glister,
 " And he's the devil at a blister :
 " Of physick too has no bad notion,
 " His very looks a purging potion :
 " Buys drugs the cheapest can be had,
 " (No matter whether good or bad)
 " And can with shrewd dexterity,
 " For ev'ry draught he sends charge—three."

Sweet muse, let us no longer dwell
 On those infernal sons of hell.
 Their ev'ry crime should we recite,
 We to eternity might write ;
 Yet give you but a slender spice,
 Of all their villainy and vice.

Let those who health and money prize,
 Attend to what we shall advise.

Expect the cure of ev'ry ill,
 From nature's pure and pleasant pill.
 To cool sequester'd shades repair,
 And drink large draughts of zephyr's air :
 Nature's

Nature's apothecary he ;
 Her surgeon the industrious bee ;
 Who still from flow'r to flow'r doth roam,
 Then brings the friendly balsam home.

There reign'd—I know not in what clime,
 Nor at what period of time,
 A prince—but of what shape or hue,
 Whether a christian Turk or Jew,
 Reader, I know no more than you. }
 Nor do I think it worth my while,
 To jump o'er hedge, ditch, lake, and stile ;
 Or deep in authors fouse my brains,
 For what, when known, won't pay the pains.
 Let it then, gentle sir, suffice,
 This prince was generous and wise ;
 Knew to discern, and with true spirit
 Confer rewards on men of merit.
 Riches with him had little weight,
 Unless the man himself were great.
 He knew fool fortune took delight,
 To vent 'gainst worthy men her spight ;
 In sumptuous garments clad the knave,
 In rags the virtuous, wise and brave ;

Or, partial, lavish all her store,
 On those enjoy'd too much before;
 Or on the avaricious elf,
 Who dar'd not touch the hoarded pelf.
 He cherish'd virtue in distress
 With a paternal tenderness;
 Benignly stopp'd the heaving sigh,
 And wip'd the tear-drop from her eye.
 So the bright sun, when rattling show'rs
 Have bent the tender stalks of flow'rs,
 With ray benign absorbs the rain,
 And rears their beauteous heads again;
 So the fond goldfinch to her brood,
 Encag'd, supplies their daily food.
 Thus cherubims, by heav'n assign'd
 Tutelar guardians of mankind,
 Watch, anxious, with ne'er-sleeping eye,
 And shield from harm when danger's nigh.

A doctor shone amongst the rest,
 A fav'rite cherish'd and caress'd;
 E'en envy's self his deeds might scan:
 An honest, conscientious man.
 A friend to all the human race;
 Wore no hypocrisy in's face;

Kept

Kept no one lingering, not he,
 In order to enhance his fee;
 Ne'er turn'd stock-jobber of mens lives :
 A game by which the college thrives.
 Learning he'd glean'd, and left to fools
 Th'insipid pedantry of schools,
 Mechanic science mov'd by rules.
 And flourish'd then in high request,
 For repartee and brilliant jest.

To sum his virtues in one verse :
 He was of doctors the reverse.

The prince and he like hand and glove,
 In intercourse of friendly love,
 Each day took their repasts together,
 Constant as sole and upper leather.

The prince, one day, as story goes,
 Resolv'd the doctor's wit to pose;
 And (if 't be true what authors say)
 Whipt unperceiv'd his spoon away.
 (The soup serv'd up) each fill'd his plate :
 The doctor e'en resolv'd to wait,
 Till he a servant should espy,
 Who might the wanted spoon supply.

In

In vain he waited—whence 'tis clear,
They'd order'd been to disappear.

“ Come, sir,” the joc'lar monarch cries,
At doctor staring with both eyes,
“ To taste this pottage all prepare :
“ Who eats no soup I deem a—bear.

The doctor who before declin'd,
With greatest fortitude of mind,
Carv'd out a spoon of hollow'd bread ;
Supp'd up his mefs, then smiling said :
“ Sir— to ring changes on your tune :
“ Bear he, who doth not eat his spoon.”

The laughing audience grinn'd applause,
And tacit, gave him gain of cause.
The prince fill'd out a brimming glass,
Toasted—“ A doctor who's no afs.”
Then, with a gracious smile confest
The repartee outshone the jest.

THE
COBLER, his WIFE, and the
PARSON.

A NOVEL.

Omnia vincit amor.———OVID.
Love conquers all.

CUPID, thou wanton little sot,
Dost think my muse hath quite forgot
To tune the saphic lyre to love,
And join the melting rhyme to dove ;
Soft murmur thro' the dying line,
And roseate garlands to entwine ;
Unto thy mother altars raise,
And offer hecatombs of bays ;
Or seek the blooming Flora's aid,
To form the jessmine-woven shade :
That, born beneath the frozen pole,
I own an adamantine soul ?

Ah

Ah no ! my veins confess the heat,
 My pulse in thrilling motion beat,
 My bosom glows when Daphne's bye,
 And rapture dances in my eye.
 Yet I disdain to sigh or pine,
 Imblending love with gen'rous wine.
 Thus when I'm slighted by the fair,
 Burgundia saves me from despair :
 Burgundia, nymph of brightest hue,
 Whose ruby lips exhale a dew
 More fragrant than the spicy boast
 Of Indus, or Arabia's coast :
 Her kisses sweet the heart inspire,
 Not damp, but renovate the fire ;
 Her charms celestial ne'er can cease,
 And age to beauty adds increase :
 Her taper waist when I entwine,
 Her eyes in starry radiance shine ;
 With dimpled smile she yields her charms,
 And melts within my love-sick arms.

Critics—we know you'll cry—how stupid !
 Pox of this fellow and his Cupid ;
 Sure ethnic gods are out of fashion,
 In this, and every christian nation.

Does

Does not Dan Aristotle shew him,
 (In's his treatise on an epic poem)
 That all must bear an air of truth ?
 And yet this scribbling dunce forsooth,
 Must form a woman from grape-juice ;
 Venus and Flora introduce :
 For which this sentence we pronounce :—
 His tales shall be retail'd by the ounce,
 Replete with pepper, spice, or salt,
 A just atonement for his fault :
 Sometimes like meteors they shall rise,
 In swift-wing'd rockets reach the skies ;
 Then, like the giant brood of yore,
 Sink, and be seen or heard no more.

Indulge your spleen, wise sirs, nor think
 We deem you worthy of our ink :
 Nor shall we take the toil and pain,
 To your distemper'd heads t'explain,
 Whether our scrap of heathen chronicle,
 Is meant in earnest, or ironical :
 Nor shall we quote great Shakespeare's scene,
 Or Spencer's beauteous fairy queen,
 To shew that men, of genius bright,
 In visionary scenes delight :

The

The busy, active human mind,
 To novelty is still inclin'd ;
 Delights on fancy's wings to soar,
 And new creations to explore ;
 Whence fairy systems owe their rise,
 And monsters of gigantic size.
 Now if Mynheer Grotesque should paint
 A mime, attir'd in garb of saint ;
 Or if his pencil should disclose,
 A pigmy with two foot of nose ;
 Th' exaggerated piece you praise,
 While from our brows you tear the bays.
 A poet (if I take it right)
 A painter is in black and white ;
 As painter (nay, firs, I can shew it
 In Horace) is a silent poet.
 So we, who deal in gods— in fairies,
 Witches, and other such vagaries,
 Should be arrang'd in grotesque class,
 Not censur'd by each stupid ass ;
 Our mimickry (where justly writ)
 Should be extoll'd as grotesque wit,
 And tho' w'exceed the buckram rules,
 By pedants form'd, and ap'd by fools,

Ye

Ye still should condescend to say,
The man has merit in his way.

A cobbler, tir'd of single life,
Resolv'd to seek that bliss a wife,
And tho' he'd oft heard parson say,
How soon frail beauty's charms decay,
That virtue only should be fought,
And all the rest esteem'd as nought,
Determin'd (since he might, sans treason)
To weigh the case in scales of reason.—

“ Beauty is like the scented rose,
“ Enchants your soul, as this your nose ;
“ But soon its lustre must decay,
“ And yield to Time's all pow'rful sway :
“ Then seek not beauty”—preacher hence !—

I do deny the consequence.—
What, because roses sweet decay
Shall I not taste them while I may ?
Shall I not broach this butt of ale,
Because, in time, it will grow stale ?
Why surely that's the very reason,
We should not trust a future season ;
But put to use our precious time,
And feast on beauty in its prime.—

“ Aye,

“ Aye, fir,—but virtue is a flow’r,
 “ Will bloom to life’s extreamest hour.”—

But does it follow that a creature,
 Distorted in each limb and feature,
 Is therefore virtuous?—I deny
 Your Thesis—and this reason why.

No form of face, or fair, or foul,
 Can cast an influence o’er the soul :
 Deformity’s a bitter pill,
 Yet women will be women still,
 And Jacks you’ll find for ev’ry Gill.

Beauty be mine—if chaste she be,
 I’m doubly gainer as you see ;
 “ But if she proves of am’rous hue”—

Why then I’m doubly gainer too.—
 For—(as an author sage remarks)

Women ne’er favours grant to sparks,
 Until they first have stipulated,
 Upon what terms they’re to be rated :
 Nay, were a queen to be so mad,
 To do’t with groom that tends her pad,
 She would expect from honest Joe,
 His pitchfork, curry-comb—or so—
 By heav’n’s, I think a gamefome wife
 The greatest blessing of man’s life !—

There’s

There's neighbour Hatchway goes to roam,
 And leaves his beauteous rib at home ;
 At his return, with wond'ring eyes,
 The produce of her toil espies :
 The knick-knacks which her room adorn,
 Proclaim him brother of the horn :
 Here nankeens, brittle vases shine,
 Here silver goblets flow with wine ;
 Nelly (deck'd out in rich brocade)
 Too plainly shews she follow'd trade ;
 Jack (tho' no wizard) smokes the jest,
 Shares in the spoil, nor cares a zest.
 And why should any wise man care,
 Who in his absence rides his mare,
 If, at's return, he finds all right,
 His filly sleek and in good plight ?
 Sophists avaunt—reason's plain rules
 Hath pos'd the pedantry of schools.
 Beauty I'll seek—not over nice—
 Nor to my neighbour grudge a slice :
 When from this jug I've quaff'd my fill,
 The de'il for me may take his swill ;
 When of this dish enough I've eat,
 I envy none the remnant meat.

Each

Each spinster (snob's intent made known)
 Long'd to be wedded bone of's bone ;
 By rules of art improving nature,
 Gave lustre new to ev'ry feature ;
 For snob, when sober—aye or mellow,
 Was such a pleasant, prating fellow,
 Could tell a tale—a joke could crack,
 And snatch a kiss with such a smack,
 Of all the fair he'd gain'd the voice,
 And each would fain have been his choice.
 'T would take a quire at least to tell,
 How some, in hopes to bear the bell,
 Expend the savings of a year
 In hoods, and knots, and such like gear ;
 And frame the ruddy, blooming face,
 In border trim of homespun lace ;
 While those, who features cannot boast,
 By graceful shape would rule the roast ;
 Their waist confine in boddice strait,
 Their shoes with block-tin buckles bait ;
 Their taper leg, in stocking white,
 Attire, to whet the appetite.—
 The housewife thus with toasted cheese,
 (Or scraps of bacon if you please)

Baits

Baits the fell engine which we owe,
 *To Taffy's wit, as poets shew.

Maria fair—with rosy cheek,
 Whose skin as burnish'd chestnut sleek ;
 From whose bright twinklers shot a fire,
 Inkindling love and soft desire ;
 Shot honest Crispin thro' the liver,
 Without the aid of Cupid's quiver.
 To cut all short—that very day,
 She lisp'd out, “honour and obey ;”
 And, 'gainst her will, that very night,
 Wav'ring 'twixt pleasure and affright,
 Sported on seas of soft delight.

Letcher, the parson of the place,
 In spight of priesthood and of grace,
 Had long confest a strong desire,
 In Molly's well to quench his fire ;
 And beyond doubt, would have beguil'd
 Long since, but fear'd she'd prove with child :
 The priest (for still he felt the flame)
 Thought—now's the time to play my game ;
 Secure,

* See the poem intituled Muscipula.

Secure, I now may take my scantling,
 Since there's a father for the bantling ;
 I'll put her virtue to the trial,
 The worst can hap me's a denial.

Ye fools, in priests who put your trust,
 And deem them virtuous, meek and just ;
 Who think ('cause doctrine sound they preach)
 They square their lives by what they teach ;
 Who the man's merit estimate,
 By's garb, his smooth tongue, and his gait ;
 Let Truth's blunt pen unfilm your eyes,
 Give you to see thro' their disguise,
 And read, thro' holy gown and band,
 The veriest panders in the land.

One day, as Molly sat alone,
 Letcher thus made his passion known ;
 " In vain I long have strove to smother,
 " Mary, behold in me your lover ;
 " A lover worthy of your charms ;
 " Oh ! let me fold thee in these arms."—
 Maria paus'd—" fure, fir, you joke !—
 " Or is religion a mere cloak ;
 " To be put on, or thrown aside,
 " According as you walk, or ride?—

" Have

" Have I not seen in pulpit high,
 " When you to heav'n have turn'd your eye,
 " Exhorting all your congregation,
 " To shun the sin of fornication,
 " As they would wish to 'scape damnation?" }
 " True," Letcher cries,—“ but I was paid
 " To preach so—child, it is my trade :
 " Churchmen, like parents, hold the rod,
 " And govern children with a nod ;
 " With bugbears, and with phantoms fright,
 " And paint strange visions to their sight :
 " 'Tis all a farce—Oh, charming fair,
 " 'Twill be a greater crime I swear,
 " To arm with frowns that radiant eye,
 " And see your fondest lover die.”—

A project enter'd Molly's head—
 " I feel the truth of what you've said
 " Kind sir," said she, "so prythee come
 " At night—my Crispin lies from home ;
 " We've a poor bed—if you'll take part,
 " Maria's your's with all her heart :
 " I'd ask to supper were I able,
 " But we poor folk can keep no table ;
 " Some

" Some cheefe—a bacon slice or so
 " Is all we ever taste—hey-ho !"—
 " Ne'er think of that," the parson cried,
 " I for our supper will provide ;
 " Fat capons are delicious food :
 " Adzooks ! we parsons know what's good.
 " Adieu till nine, enchanting fair,
 " To send a supper be my care,"—

Letcher soon sent the promis'd treat,
 Enough for troop of horse to eat :
 Tythe pig—fat capon—partridge plump,
 Jellies, t'invigorate his rump ;
 And gen'rous wine to warm the heart,
 And point the lover's glowing dart.

Snob, when at noon he came to dine,
 Descry'd the cates—the flasks of wine ;
 For budding antlers felt his head,
 And look'd, not so much live, as dead.
 But Mary soon clear'd matters up,
 And fill'd her spouse a brimming cup :
 " Come, drink," quoth she, " the lech'rous beast
 " Founder of this most noble feast :
 " We'll make him, take my word, repent,
 " And, for one night, keep vig'rous Lent.

" At

“ At half past nine (and not before)
 “ Do you come thund’ring at the door ;
 “ The remnant of the farce be mine :
 “ Oh how I’ll shame the filthy swine !”---

The parson punctual to his time,
 Thought to have reason for his rhyme ;
 But scarce had he engag’d in chat,
 When at the door he hears—rat---tat !---
 “ Mercy on me ! where shall we run ?”
 Cries Mary---“ we are both undone---
 “ I know his knock”---“z--ds,” quoth the priest,
 “ I wish old Nick had ta’en the feast :
 “ Where shall I hide ?”---“ here, in this chest,
 “ Good sir, you may securely rest.”---

The parson safe, with joy elate
 The merry wag unlock’d the gate :
 “ I’ve caught the rat, my dear,” quoth she,
 “ Yonder the trap, and here’s the key.”
 The Cobbler, carrying the farce on,
 Cries---“ hola ! virtuous master parson.
 “ Sleep on to-night---but split my liver,
 “ To-morrow sees you in the river :
 “ I’ll cool your courage, on my life ;
 “ I’ll teach you to seduce my wife.”---

The partridge plump they now dissected,
 Nor was the gen'rous wine neglected.---
 The supper o'er, to bed they went,
 And left Peel Garlick to repent.

Next morning came the congregation
 To church, to hear the predication.---
 No parson came---“ he's surely dead,”
 Cried they, “or very sick in bed.
 “ On Sunday too---'tis very odd---
 “ Thus to neglect his sheep---his g-d !”---
 When Crispin enter'd :---“ firs,” quoth he,
 “ This chest the parson sent by me ;
 “ He bid me tell you to unlock it :”
 Then pull'd the key from out his pocket.---
 Unlock'd, the parson bolts upright ;
 The people thought t'had been a spright.
 Crispin cries, “ firs, this is the devil,
 “ Flay, flay the author of all evil !”---
 The parson runs---the people follow,
 Kick, buffet, cudgel, shout and hallow.
 Letcher, in short, got such a switching,
 It cur'd him of his am'rous itching.
 Snob and his wife enjoy'd the fun,
 Reader adieu, our tale is done.

CRISPIN'S

CRISPIN'S ADVICE.

A T A L E.

Bonum est fugienda aspicere alieno in malo. Publ. Syr.
It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of
others.

ATTEND, my brethren of the awl,
 And listen to poor Crispin's fall ;
 Avoid the rock on which I split,
 Nor trust that keen edge-tool call'd wit :
 Whistle contented o'er your last,
 Nor, vain, aspire to thrive too fast ;
 Lest, like the fabled youth of old,
 Ye prove yourselves too rash—too bold ;
 Like him the chariot overset,
 Plunge into misery and debt,
 And wish alas ! when 'tis too late,
 Ye'd ta'en example from my fate.—

Ah me ! what lack of meat and drink,
 Attends the man that sports with ink :
 Let him, cameleon-like, prepare,
 To feed on circumambient air ;
 On festivals or so regale,
 Upon ideal whigs and ale,
 And, once a twelvemonth, feast his eyes
 With his own works round christmas pyes.
 That hour I ne'er shall cease to curse,
 When I first thought myself with verse,
 When my dull brain with porter fir'd,
 By Phœbus deem'd herself inspir'd ;
 As oft, with slated tumours guil'd,
 Weak women think themselves with child.

Oft I essay'd, from time to time,
 To tag a stance or two with rhyme,
 In hopes, by sweet Orpheian sounds,
 To lead a dance of—some few pounds.
 Ye gods, how happy then, each day
 To those in pow'r I'll homage pay,
 Cringe to the dev'l for praise and pence,
 A prostitute of fame and sense :
 And should I one day get a place,
 By dint of flatt'ry from his grace,

A tory now, and now a whig,
 Just as it tends to roast the pig.
 Patriot, and Phoenix just the same,
 Phantoms—existing but in name ;
 Man's universal motto this :
 “ No pipe no dance ; no pay no swifs.”
 What, tho' in Ciceronian style,
 They strive the vulgar to beguile,
 Talk much of arbitrary laws,
 Dear liberty—the people's cause,
 They'll not like fabled cur resist,
 Reject the crust, and tear your fist,
 But (wretched hirelings of a day)
 Will suck their mother's blood for pay :
 E'en he whom * honours tempt in vain,
 Opens his greedy palm to gain ;
 And tho' a peerage could forego,
 When mammon calls can't bark a no.
 All to their darling passion yield,
 In virtues cause none keep the field ;

E 3

Yet

* Since the writing of this Tale, the personage
 above alluded to has yielded to temptation.

Yet sacred virtue can impart,
 Such blessings to the honest heart,
 Such raptures!—but how vain my art!—
 Bright progeny of heav'nly fire,
 What human pencil dares aspire,
 To paint thy bright celestial fire?
 Like him, whose pencil could not trace
 The grief on Agamemnon's face,
 I drop the veil, and leave to guess
 That something which I can't express,

But to proceed in my narration—
 I left my former occupation,
 Assign'd my stirrup, last, and awl,
 My int'rest in my quondam stall,
 And oh! my tranquil peace of mind,
 (A peace I ne'er must hope to find)
 To neighbour Clod of shallow pate,
 Who'd no ambition to be great.
 By no false flash of chiming fir'd,
 He ne'er beyond his last aspir'd;
 Sung from the dawn till close of day,
 And this the burthen of his lay:
 “ My ale it is stout, I have victuals good store,
 “ And sleep like a top; can a monarch wish
 more?”—

Friend

Friend Clod, quoth I, thou'rt a dull cit,
 Thy head's an antidote to wit ;
 Born under some unlucky sign,
 On bays thou ne'er must hope to dine ;
 Apollo and the muses scorn,
 A wretch abandon'd and forlorn ;
 Thou ne'er must soar on fancy's wing,
 Nor taste of Helicon's pure spring ;
 Thou ne'er shalt touch the vocal reed,
 Nor cross the poet's spur-gall'd steed ;
 Thou ne'er must hope that busy fame,
 To memory transmit thy name ;
 Go—tag thy pliant ends with hairs,
 For me, I've far more weighty cares ;
 I pity—but the gods ordain—
 Adieu !—I wish thee health, and gain.---

Tho' not your wit, fir, Clod replies,
 'Tis ten to one I prove more wise.
 A maxim oft I've heard at school,
 That ev'ry wit is born a fool :
 To wit I grant your late pretence,
 But not one single grain of sense :
 Wit's a delusive, wan'dring fire,
 Leads you thro' hedge, ditch, brake, and briar ;

More solid sense, like candle bright,
 Guides sure your footsteps in the night :
 By solid sense the art is found,
 Of changing twelve-pence to a pound ;
 Sense will provide for belly and back,
 Will wit do this, my friend ?---alack !
 Will Toby Tunnel, do you think,
 Take wit in pay for meat and drink ?---
 Wil't pass in payment with thy taylor,
 Or bribe thy more voracious jailor ?---
 Go---browze Parnassian plains for bays,
 And fill thy hungry paunch with praise ;
 More solid beef demands my claim,
 Adieu !---I wish thee pence and fame.

Both sneer'd sagacious, with a look
 That well our high disdain bespoke.
 I and my spouse, a bed, a cradle,
 Two wooden spoons, a broken ladle,
 A two leg'd trivet, crazy chair,
 Tea equipage in earthen-ware,
 A pudding pan in which we steep,
 The fav'ry cowheel and oxcheck,
 A wardrobe of one suit of cloaths,
 Two pair of knee-darn'd worsted hose,

A rusty

A rusty sword with brazen hilt,
 Which had, in days of yore, been gilt,
 Betook us to our hight abodes,
 And claim'd vicinity with gods.
 Above our heads the planets shine,
 Ceiling of workmanship divine.
 Crispin, exclaims my senseless wife,
 'This is the devil, upon my life :
 Hear how the winds tumultuous roar,
 Thro' yonder crannies in the door ;
 See from each chink the dropping rain ;
 I wish we had our stall again !---

Woman, thou'rt surely mad, I cried,
 A palace this where kings might pride ;
 Thy duller soul 'is uninspir'd,
 I with enthusiasm am fir'd :
 Winds quotha !---no---'tis Zephyr's breeze,
 That gently fans the whistling trees,
 And what your vulgar eyes deem rain,
 Are sprinkling dews that glad the plain :
 Oh ! had indulgent fates decreed
 A partner of more gentle breed,
 In soul as body we might join,
 But thou—thou art a very swine.—

Can'st thou with heavy strokes of mallet,
 Season a poetical sallet ?—
 Add olive juice of sense profound
 Emblem, in ages past renown'd ;
 Then poignant salt, by bards call'd attic,
 Of wit and humour hieroglyphic,
 And vinegar the type of satyr ?—
 Hey-day ! cries Moll, why here's a clatter !
 Madman, take heed how you provoke,
 For, by my wrongs, this passes joke.
 That silly, dull, conceited head,
 Will bring us to a morsel of bread.
 Before this crotchet seiz'd thy brain,
 (Crotchet that needs must prove our bane)
 The fleeting hours skim'd on so sweet !
 We work'd, we sung, lay snug and eat ;
 But now the pleasing scene is o'er,
 And we must sleep and eat no more.
 A bard !—alas, poor fool, dost thou
 To couple jingling rhymes know how ?—

Zookers, cried I, will women weak,
 Ne'er learn to think before they speak ?
 To tag a rhyme is no such matter,
 Hatter, and batter, chime with platter,

And

And if I metre lack for rope,
 Sure there's his holiness the pope.
 It needs not such great depth of pate,
 As authors would insinuate,
 Who, like all other traders, fain
 Would monopolize to themselves the gain,
 And fill the young advent'rer's ears,
 With vain imaginary fears.
 I'll bravely dare emerge to light,
 And prune by soaring wing to flight :
 From dull obscurity I'll rise,
 And raise my name beyond the skies :
 —, the Mæcenas of his time,
 Shall patronize his poet's rhyme ;
 He who of wit and learning vain,
 Embalms the abortives of each brain,
 Patron of Grub-street and the throng,
 Who mallet out the unmeaning song ;
 Of bards, whose talents lye in sing-song,
 Who, like Bow bell, chime dong ding, ding dong,
 Then ding dong, dong ding, till their fire
 Exhausts itself in half a quire. —
 Does Granby's praise my genius fire,
 Or Pratt or Temple's fame inspire ?

A poem

A poem soon I'll fabricate,
 Without much beating of my pate.
 Now listen, Moll, and I'll impart :—
 In ev'ry trade there is an art,
 And he who wishes to excell,
 Must learn his fundamentals well.
 Thus the rude sons of Monmouth-street,
 Stop ev'ry passenger they meet,
 And often talk into new jacket,
 The simple loon who doth not lack it ;
 Nay often, let them have their due,
 Impose old cloaths vamt up for new :
 Now in our trade too, Moll, I swear,
 We arts empley to vend our ware ;
 Like those whom we presum'd to quote,
 Oft sell for new a vamt up coat ;
 And (where our talents prove but small)
 Pillage from Peter, to pay Paul :
 Sonnets, odes, fatyres, verse heroic,
 We multilate with courage stoic ;
 Then advertise at Mat. Jenour's,
 And make the motley monsters ours.
 With scraps from Dryden, Pope and Swift,
 To build a poem we make shift ;

Boast

Boast daliance with the tuneful nine,
 In splendour, with the many, shine;
 But the small tribe who claim pretence,
 To learning mixt with common sense,
 Pelt at the filchers as they pass,
 Of lion's skin divest the ass,
 Despoil us of the borrow'd plumes,
 Brainless stupidity assumes.
 So footman, who to playhouse goes,
 Deck'd in his master's broider'd cloaths,
 His sword, lac'd ruffles, and bag-wig,
 Struts, and looks most confounded big;
 Th' inraptur'd multitude admire,
 And in the scoundrel read the 'squire;
 But he who what beau-monde is knows,
 Detects the varlet thro' his cloaths,
 Applies such dis'pline as befits
 All would be's, whether beaux, or wits.---
 But soft !---the muse inspires, I must
 Rouze from this dull lethargic rust;
 Thy mandates, Phœbus, I obey
 And at thy shrine due homage pay:
 Quick, pen and paper !---and, d'ye hear,
 Bring me my warmest cap, my dear.

The

The teeming brain, like teeming earth,
Needs manure to progreed the birth.---

By dint of reason spouse appeas'd,
Put on a smile—seem'd wondrous pleas'd,
Laid by my stocking she was darning,
And (with due rev'rence to my learning)
Display'd the pen—the ink—the paper,
The jointed stool, and candle taper;
And 'stead of bays, my brow around
With flannel petticoat she bound.
But human projects, ah how vain!
Full two long hours I rack'd my brain,
Implor'd and curs'd the muse by fits:
And foam'd as tho' I'd lost my wits:
Parnassian sisters, why so cruel?—
Blow, blow to light my languid fuel,
To top Parnassus lend but wings,
I'll sneer at emperors, and kings—
Yet Phœbus and his faithless choir
Disdain'd my noddle to inspire.
Tobacco next, and humming ale
I try'd—but finding nought avail,
I e'en betook myself to bed,
To settle my unsettled head;

Next

Next morn—for I must tell you all,
 Resum'd—alas ! I blush--my stall.—
 Now duns on duns assail my door,
 The baker's tally---milkmaid's score,
 And meagre want unknown before.
 My wife too, like a fury, rears
 Her snakes, and thunders in my ears :
 I told you this would prove the case,
 Your pride has brought us to disgrace ;
 Had you, discreet, been rul'd by wife,
 In comfort we had pass'd our life.---
 I was a fool---I nothing knew---
 Yes, fool indeed to marry you :
 Curse on the knave in gown and band,
 Who to my ruin join'd my hand ;
 Oh that the knot !---but wishing's vain---
 It never can be loos'd again.---

May my mishap---my sad disaster,
 To nobs distemper'd prove a plaister ;
 Let each man follow his vocation,
 Nor rhyme---unless for recreation.
 If greatest bards that ever writ,
 Possess'd of minds of purest wit,

Could

Could scarce, with closest toil and pains,
Support their bodies by their brains,
What can we little bards expect,
But scorn, derision, and neglect.

LEONORA:

L E O N O R A.

A N O V E L.

IT is not always constancy, fidelity, services, merit, nor all the arts that the most tender and passionate lover can put in practice to conquer the disdain, or indifference of a mistress, that can insure him of success in his amour : for although they are the most natural, and reasonable expedients to win the affections of a fair-one, and dispose her to favour the addresses of a lover ; yet in vain doth he flatter himself that a reciprocal love will be the fruits of so true, so sincere a flame,

flame, unless he can engage the god of love in his interest. But, on the other hand, it often happens that a stranger, who has given no further proof of the sincerity of his affections, than the first protestations he has made, shall inspire the heart of the object beloved with a mutual share of tenderness ; and gain, in one moment, what the assiduity, and constancy of all her other lovers could not obtain. Leonora, whose story we shall relate, is a sufficient proof of what we have advanced.

Seraphina was a lady of distinguish'd rank at court. Her husband, who had fill'd with honour one of the most important and lucrative posts in the kingdom, had left her in possession of immense riches, and an only daughter, who was look'd upon as one of the most beautiful and accomplish'd persons of her time. Indeed Leonora, for so she was called, possess'd

possess'd every charm, every virtue that could strike the hearts of the beholders with awe and admiration. She had but just enter'd into her eighteenth year, her stature was tall and graceful, her face round, and well proportioned, her features delicate, her forehead high and rising, her mouth little, her lips were redder than coral, and her teeth exceeded the clearest ivory in whiteness: one would have imagin'd that the lilly and the rose had disputed, which should contribute most to the beauty of her complexion. Her eyes were blue, but lively and piercing, her fair hair hung in ringlets down a neck which might have vied with the whitest alabaster; in short, her beauty was so perfect that it would have been as impossible to have seen her without admiring her, as it is to my weak pen to do justice to her merit. If Leonora possess'd so many advantages from
 beauty

beauty, and fortune, those of her mind were in nothing inferiour. Her sentiments were refin'd and delicate, her wit just and brilliant, her good sense admirable: and all these qualifications received an additional lustre from her modesty. After the description I have given, the reader will not be surpriz'd if I add, that there was not a young nobleman at court, who did not glory in being of the number of her admirers, and aspire to the happiness of rendering himself agreeable to her. All the public places she appear'd at were crowded with her admirers, and scarce a day pass'd, but some difference rose among so great a number of rivals; and though this lovely girl shew'd no particular marks of favour to any of them, a look, a smile, a word spoke without design, was often productive of fatal disputes, and she had the dissatisfaction to find herself often the innocent

innocent cause, of the grief of the most noble families in the kingdom. Her mother, who beheld with an eye of displeasure the mischiefs her charms had occasioned, and who likewise had the interest of her family, and the happiness of her daughter at heart, thought that it was now time to look out for a husband for her, worthy of her rank and fortune. With this intent she cast her eyes upon Don Antonio, a young nobleman of great merit, and ample fortune, who had long profess'd himself one of her most passionate admirers. Donna Seraphina entertaining these sentiments, those who made proposals to her for the union of the two families, met with a very favourable reception, and Leonora had express orders given her to look upon Don Antonio, as the man with whom she was to pass the remainder of her days. Though the heart of Leonora was yet a stranger to

to love, that amiable girl paid an implicit obedience to the orders of her mother. Don Antonio imagined himself now to be arrived at the completion of his wishes, and esteemed himself the happiest of men. But his expectations were frustrated: love and fortune had decreed otherwise.

Seraphina's intention was soon made public. This news was like a thunder-clap to the rest of her daughter's admirers: they had recourse to tears and complaints: every one employed all the wit he was master of to depicture the excess of his despair, and melt to pity the heart of his mistress: they could not however make any impression on her heart; for she beheld them all with an eye of indifference.

Among all the lovers of Leonora, who had openly declared their passion for her, there were two, who had urged their
passion

passion with far greater warmth than the rest ; and whose tempers being naturally prompt and impetuous, were capable of undertaking any thing their despair might dictate : finding neither their sighs, nor their tears could obtain any thing in their favour, and that Don Antonio would soon be put in possession of what they held most dear in the world, they formed a resolution to carry off the daughter of Seraphina, without considering the consequences that might attend such a procedure. Nor is there any reason to be surprized at their conduct ; for love and despair are equally incapable of reflexion.

Don Alphonso, and Don Miguel (for so were those two noblemen called) having both taken the same resolution, though unknown to one another, each of them did his utmost to bring his designs to bear. Nor did they spare either cost or pains to insure success to their plot.

Don

Don Miguel however, whose vigilance and industry were indefatigable, was beforehand with his rival, who was naturally slower, and proceeded with greater circumspection ; and Leonora, having been betrayed by her woman, whose fidelity was not proof against the shining rhetoric of a generous and inraptured lover, found herself in the power of Don Miguel, and the persons he had hired to assist him in his enterprize. The lover ordered them to conduct his prize, with all possible diligence, to his country house, which was situate within a day's journey of the city. It is not possible to describe the astonishment of Leonora, when she found herself hurrying away by persons she was utterly unacquainted with ; for Don Miguel, though present, was so compleatly disguised, that it was impossible for her to discover him. She in vain attempted to cry out, for they held

held a handkerchief to her mouth, and having forced her into a coach, she had no other resource but her tears. Weak consolation against a real misfortune.

This adventure made much noise in the city. Don Antonio, and Don Alphonso, accompanied by many other noble personages, set out immediately in pursuit of the ravishers. What success they met with the sequel will discover.

Don Felix was a young gentleman who possessed, in the most eminent degree, every qualification both of body, and of mind: the only fault he could be reproached with, was his extream indifference for the fair sex; which he carried even to an excess. Being left at the age of twenty-three years, by the death of his father, in possession of a very ample inheritance, unincumbered with debts, he took a resolution to travel. In the

space of about two years, he had made the tour of the greatest part of Europe, and was now upon his return home, when love, and fortune so ordered it, that he met Leonora and her ravishers. At first he had no suspicion; but remarking that they hid their faces when he came up, and travelled at an unusual rate; and hearing Leonora, who upon seeing a stranger made a violent effort to deliver her mouth from the handkerchief, shriek aloud, he rode up to know what was the matter; but having received an insolent reply from one of the escort, to whom he addressed himself for information, he immediately drew his sword, and, seconded by his two servants, began an engagement, which remained doubtful for some time; but which ended in the retreat of Don Miguel, who, with two of his attendants, were dangerously wounded.

Du-

During the time of the engagement, Leonora got out of the coach, and perceiving at a distance a peasant's cottage, ran thither with all the speed she was able. What a change? Leonora, who some hours before resided in a palace, and trod upon soft carpets, where she received the homage of a thousand admirers, thinks herself happy now in gaining the azylum of a poor hut, to gain which she is obliged to expose her tender limbs to brakes and briars. She got at length, with much ado, to the cottage, where she met with a most humane reception from an old woman who inhabited it; who rendered her all the little services she was capable of.

As soon as the fight was over, Don Felix went up to the coach, and finding nobody in it, he concluded that those who were in it had also taken to flight: he looked about him on every side, and

perceiving the cottage, made no doubt but that they had taken shelter there. He remained some time in suspense whether he should follow them thither or no: curiosity, at length, made him determine in the affirmative; and he resolved to find out who he had to deal with. With this intent, having ordered his servants to follow him, he rode up to the cottage which Leonora had made choice of for her azylum. He alighted, and entered into the hovel, where he found the daughter of Seraphina, with disordered tresses, bathed in her tears. As soon as the disconsolate Leonora saw him come in, she imagined it was one of her ravishers, and shrieked aloud. Don Felix surprized at the sight, asked her the cause of her affliction, and assured her that she had nothing to apprehend; that he was a man of honour, and would with pleasure render her every service in his power. This discourse dissipated the fears of the
fair

fair Leonora, who was now fully satisfied that the person whom she had, at first, taken for one of her ravishers, was no other than her generous deliverer himself. She returned him thanks for his kind offer, told him her name, and her family, and after giving him a succinct narrative of her adventure, "Sir," said she, "I have no hope but in your assistance. I know not where I am, nor how to inform my mother of what has happened to me, unless you will do me the favour to make known to her my situation: you will lay me under an eternal obligation to you, and my family will not fail to testify their gratitude." Leonora now turned upwards her bright eyes, which she had hitherto held modestly fixed on the ground, and looked stedfastly at Don Felix, whose thoughts were so confused he lost all power of speech. The charms of Leonora, whose tears added new lustre to her beauty,

made a rapid, and sensible impression on his heart. It was some time before he could recover himself enough to make her an answer. "Madam," said he at length in a faltering voice, "I have the honour of knowing your family, and my name I presume is not unknown to you. My name is Don Felix de Ximenes, and I look upon myself as the most happy man in the world, in happening so opportunely to your assistance: I will not leave you until I have conveyed you safe to your own mansion; my fortune, my life are both at your service, and you may dispose of them as you think fit." He uttered these last words with transport, and looking at Leonora with looks of the most tender emotion, it was impossible for him to continue his discourse. The charming daughter of Seraphina, who began also to feel a secret emotion, of which she was not mistress, and which she attributed,

buted, at that time, to the situation she was in, informed Don Felix that she was no stranger to his family : then, with a languishing smile, which compleated her conquest over his heart, " Sir," said she, " you are too generous, and obliging ; " but I beseech you let us not sacrifice " to compliment the moments that are " so precious to me. Do me the favour " to send immediately one of your servants to Madrid, to inform my friends " what has happened to me, and where I " am." Don Felix obeyed, and intrusted his valet de chambre with the commission.

The good peasant, perceiving the emotion that too plainly appeared in the cheeks of the two lovers, imagined that in one it was the effects of the fatigue he had undergone, and in the other of the fright she had been thrown into : she thought, therefore, that rest was the only

F 4
thing

thing wanting to revive their spirits. She made known these her sentiments to them very ingenuously, and made them retire each to a separate apartment, the whole furniture of which consisted in a sorry bed, and an old chair.

Leonora, and Don Felix did not find that repose and tranquillity in their apartments, which the good peasant meant to procure them: many things revolved in their minds the little time they stayed there. Love was always of the party, and found their hearts so much to his wish, that he resolved to submit them to his empire, and even to make them the happy places of his residence. Leonora held out longest, but love was absolute, and would be obeyed.

Don Felix having quitted his apartment, and Leonora having left her's a moment afterwards, he spoke to her in
such

such tender, and moving terms, and informed her of the passion he entertained for her with so much respect, and good-sense, that this lovely creature could not help confessing that she had for him a mutual esteem. In short, after all the tender and refined sentiments with which the sincerest affection can inspire two hearts had been uttered, the lovers exchanged vows of the most inviolable love, and fidelity.

Don Felix, having received information from the peasant, that a nobleman of his acquaintance resided then at his country house, about a mile from the cottage, would fain have waited upon Leonora thither, who declined going herself, but begged of Don Felix to go thither, and endeavour to obtain a carriage to convey her to Madrid. Don Felix parted, with great reluctance, from what he held most dear in the world.

He obeyed notwithstanding, persuaded that a prompt deference to her commands, would be the surest token he could give her of the sincerity of his passion.

As soon as Don Felix was departed, Leonora retired again to her little cabbin, to endeavour to taste the refreshing sweets of repose, after all her past fatigue and trouble.

In the interim, Don Miguel arrived at his country house, enraged that he had miscarried in his attempt; and having got his wounds dressed, which were very slight, resolved to leave the kingdom that he might not be a witness to the triumph of him, whom he supposed to be his rival.

Don Antonio, and Don Alphonso had spent their time in a fruitless search after
Leonora,

Leonora, of whom they could gain no tidings. They had taken different routs and after a tedious pursuit happened to meet at the end of two roads, not far from the cottage in which Leonora had taken shelter. They applied to each other for information, but without effect. Don Antonio suspected, that Leonora had been conveyed away by the machinations of Don Alphonso, and that he only feigned a search after that lady, the better to conceal his designs. He gave Don Alphonso a hint of what he surmised; this was productive of some sharp altercations between them, and they at length came to blows. Each of them had a valet de chambre with him, who sided with their respective masters in the rencounter. They discharged their pistols, but none of them were hurt, only the horse of Don Antonio received a ball in the head, and fell with his rider. Don Alphonso would have taken advantage of

of this accident to destroy his enemy ; but Don Antonio had the good fortune to defend himself some time, by favour of a tree which served him as a rampart against the impetuosity of his antagonist. He was however, at length, upon the point of falling a sacrifice to the resentment of his adversary ; for his valet de chambre being rendered incapable of yielding him any assistance, by reason of a dangerous wound he had received, it was impossible for Don Antonio, who was on foot, to resist the united efforts of two horsemen well mounted. But in the very moment that he had cast aside all hope of escaping the fury of his enemy, Don Felix happened fortunately to come up, who hesitated not a moment to side with the weakest. The engagement however did not last long, for Don Felix, and Don Alphonso, who were near relations, put an end to hostilities as soon as they recollected each other.

Don

Don Felix represented to Don Alphonso the injury he did to his reputation, by seeking the life of a man who was rendered incapable of defending himself. Don Alphonso allowed the justice of the reprimand, and pleaded for excuse the violence of his passion, of which he was not master. Don Antonio expressed himself in the most grateful terms to his deliverer, and Don Felix, after some previous eclairsissements, cemented a friendship between those two noblemen.

It was no small matter of surprize to Don Felix, to find that these two noblemen were his rivals: however, as he found their design had only been to restore Leonora to her mother, he made no mystery of what had passed between him, and her ravishers. His relation filled them with admiration; and they all proceeded together to the cottage, where Leonora, being informed of what had hap-

happened, could not sufficiently admire the generosity of Don Felix, in saving the life of Don Antonio. A moment afterwards the friend of Don Felix came there in his coach, in which the fair Leonora having seated herself, arrived safely at her mother's house, escorted by all those noblemen. Don Felix presented her to her mother, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of all that had happened; and Leonora having confirmed what he had related, he received the thanks and applause of every one present, for his courage and generosity. Don Felix replied with much modesty: then, addressing himself to Seraphina, informed her of his passion for her daughter, in terms expressive of the excess of his love. Seraphina thanked him for the honour he did her daughter by such a declaration, and assured him, that after the eminent services he had rendered her, there was nothing that she could

could refuse him; “but,” added she,
 “I have already engaged my word to
 “Don Antonio, so that what you ask is
 “not in my power to grant.” “Madam,”
 said Don Antonio, “I believe no one
 “can doubt the sincerity of my passion
 “for Leonora: I think I have given
 “some proofs of it, and were there oc-
 “casion would do the like again, even
 “at the peril of my life: yet there are
 “two reasons which determine me to
 “yield up my pretensions to Don Felix.
 “The first is, that I have not been able
 “with all my assiduity to make any im-
 “pression on the heart of your daughter,
 “and as I am more anxious for her hap-
 “piness than for my own, I am generous
 “enough to scorn to lay any constraint
 “upon her inclinations, in tearing her
 “from the man on whom she has placed
 “her affections, and who is worthy of
 “her love. The second reason is, that
 “as I owe my life to the generosity of
 “Don

“ Don Felix, I cannot better testify my
 “ gratitude, than by sacrificing to him
 “ what I hold most dear in the world.”

All present gave due applause to the noble sentiments of Don Antonio. The marriage of Don Felix and Leonora was concluded upon; and the ceremony deferred till the next day. The two lovers now felt a joy too exquisite to be expressed, and which none can form any idea of, but those who have felt the power of love, and experienced the raptures of two hearts sincerely united. The next day their nuptials were celebrated with the greatest splendour and magnificence. Don Antonio was present, and from that hour, changed his love for Leonora into a perfect and lasting esteem, and lived ever after in the strictest friendship with Don Felix.

THE

THE TRUMPETER.

A TALE.

A Trumpeter, whose affairs used often to call him into Kent, and principally to Canterbury, used to take up his lodgings at one of the best inns in the city, where he was always sure of an hearty welcome from the lady hostess, who entertained him free cost, both at board, and bed too, when her husband happened to be out of the way. Indeed the trumpeter, who was a fellow of a jovial, friendly disposition, had so ingratiated himself with mine host himself, that he had formerly had the honour of standing god-father

father to a chopping boy, which madam brought into the world, and which, as the father, or reputed father, very facetiously remarked, was as like Dick Flourish (for so this doctor of martial music was called) as it could stare. Dick happening to come to Canterbury in harvest time, deposited his portmanteau as usual at the gate of honest master Frothcan, who happened at that time, to be out, looking after his crops. The good lady of the mansion, fickle in her appetite, in consequence of which she had changed the trumpeter for a novel gallant, met him at the gate, and with great coolness (for indeed a stranger would have imagined she had never set eyes on him before) told him there was no room to spare, and that he must look out for another inn. In short Flourish, thunderstruck at this unaccountable behaviour, stood gaping, as mute as a fish, and Mrs. Frothcan, without even the ceremony

remony of a curtesie, vanished from his sight. "Z—ds," quoth the trumpeter as soon as he had recovered from his surprize, "I should have imagined, she " would sooner have turned out every " guest in her house, than have refused " Dick Flourish admittance, and then " to take no manner of notice of a body. " ha---there must be something more " than ordinary in this; may I never " blow another blast on this good trum- " pet if I do not penetrate into the mys- " tery : " so saying, he took himself and his baggage to another inn, where he met with a more kind reception.

Flourish began now to preponderate, what might be the cause of so abrupt a demeanour in his quondam mistress. It was not very probable, he thought, that the inn could be so very full of guests, as not to have one spare bed left: besides, thought he, mine host being ab-
sent

sent, there was a spare place in that of my landlady ---“ Adzookers,” quoth Dick, “ I have it now: that vacancy “ is pre-engaged---a rival by Saint George “ ---a rival,--well, I’ll spoil their cater- “ wauling I’ll warrant me.”

Soon as dame night, that careful nurse had covered the noddle of her daughter the earth, with a brown night cap---or a black--aye or a dandy grey ruffet, it matters not a button which--In plain English, it was dusk, when the trumpeter, who from his long residence was perfectly well acquainted with every avenue and chamber in the house of master Frothcan, slipt in, unperceived by any one, and bending his steps towards the good lady’s bed-chamber, concealed himself behind the arras, where it was impossible he could be seen. He had hardly been stationed there five minutes, when mine hostess, having entrusted her keys to the
care

care of Betty, her discreet, and trusty confidant, came up, accompanied with a very elegant cold collation; and presently afterwards came up her gallant himself.

Little Jerry Sturgeon the fishmonger, for it was he himself, in propria persona, squatted himself down cheek by jowl with his donzel. After a sharp set too, tooth and nail, for some time, lo! Jerry began to wax wanton, and clasping his dulcinea in his arms, pressed her heaving bosom with his hand: then, "what do you call these, my dear," said he? "La fir," replied she lisping, "those are my titty little balls of ivory:" then, carrying his hand by a gradual descent to the center of all sublunary blifs: "and what do you call this, my dear," continued he? "Oh la, fir, now you make me blush, I protest---why---I call it---I call it then Constantinople. And pray,
"fir,"

“fir,” demanded she in her turn, “since
 “you are so very inquisitive about what
 “belongs to the ladies, what do you call
 “that, which all women love best?”
 “I call it the Grand Turk,” quoth the
 fishmonger; and now, if you please,
 “the Grand Turk shall make his entry
 “into Constantinople.” The lady gi-
 ving a tacit consent, the Grand Signior
 was on the very point of entering, when
 the Trumpeter began to sound a retreat,
 which made the whole inn eccho again.
 The lovers, frighted out of their wits,
 made the best of their way, through a
 little window that looked into the court
 yard. The Trumpter, remaining master
 of the field of battle, seized upon the
 grand service of plate, in which the col-
 lation had been served up, and carried it
 away with him to his new lodging as law-
 ful prize. The lovers hearing all quiet,
 returned to their chamber; and were not
 a little surprized to find all the plate
 gone

gone. Mrs. Frothcan began to whine like a guinea pig, and master Sturgeon, finding that the present critical situation of affairs would render the taking of Constantinople impracticable for that night, withdrew to his own mansion. Some few days after this adventure, master Frothcan returned home. Madam, began immediately to set up her pipes, "how, my dear," cries Frothcan, "is this the welcome you give me at my return." "Alas," replies she sobbing, "you don't know what a terrible accident has happened, since your departure! the house has been broke open; and most of our plate stolen." Poor Frothcan, firmly persuaded of the truth of what she told him, administered all the consolation he was able; and very philosophically advised her not to grieve for a misfortune, that was beyond the power of tears to remedy.

A day or two after this, master Frothcan happened to meet the trumpeter, and asked him (after an how d'ye, and a loving squeeze by the fist) what disgust he had received, to drive him from his house, where he assured him he would be as welcome as a prince? "My
 "good sir," replied the trumpeter,
 "t'was not through any disgust I had
 "received, nor yet through any fault of
 "mine that I did not take up my lodg-
 "ing at your inn, as usual; but your
 "house was so full when I arrived there,
 "that I could not be accommodated with
 "a bed: nay, to convince you that I still
 "entertain the same friendship for you
 "as formerly, I insist upon the favour of
 "your, and your wife's company, to sup
 "with me at my lodging." Honest Frothcan, a friend to festivity and good fellowship, making no objection to this kind invitation, it was agreed upon, that
 he,

he, and his dame should sup with Dick Flourish that night.

Frothcan, at his return home, informed his wife of their engagement, who would willingly have excused herself from accompanying him, for reasons which the reader may probably guess at ; but Frothcan was absolute in his family, and would be obeyed.

Flourish, who was a fellow of spirit, provided an elegant entertainment for his quondam hosts, and ordered it to be served up in the same service of plate, which he had pillaged at the siege of Constantinople. During the time of the supper, the husband and wife looked attentively at the plate, then at each other : “ Surely, my dear,” whispers the husband, “ this must be the very plate that “ was stole from us the other day !”

“ nothing can bear a greater resem-
 “ blance,” re-whispers the wife. “ My
 “ worthy guests,” cries the trumpeter,
 “ why all this whispering? I fear you
 “ are not pleased with your supper.
 “ Speak out: and, if possible, it shall
 “ be rectified.” “ You put a wrong con-
 “ struction on our thoughts, Sir,” replies
 Mrs. Frothcan, “ the supper is excellent:
 “ but my husband and I were observing
 “ what a resemblance there is between
 “ this service of plate, and one that was
 “ stolen from us the other day; and we
 “ imagined you might possibly have
 “ bought it from the person who stole it.”
 “ must beg, madam, you will look at
 “ it a little closer,” cries the trumpeter:
 “ whether it may be like your’s or not, I
 “ cannot take upon me to say; but this
 “ I am certain cannot be what you lost,
 “ for I took it when the grand Turk
 “ would have entered Constantinople.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Frotchcan, perceiving how matters stood, assured her husband, that, upon a closer inspection, she had found out a material difference between that plate, and the service she had lost. The next morning she sent for the trumpeter, and after making him an handsome present, by way of hush-money, surrendered the city of Constantinople at discretion.

THE TAYLOR'S VISION.

A TALE.

A certain man---the ninth part of one I mean, for he was a taylor, was taken with a most violent twisting of the guts, which (as the learned very rightly observe) is caused, by a pricking, gnawing, or distention of the colon intestinum, by some excrementitious matter. The doctor being sent for, made his appearance, with all the gravity necessary upon so solemn an occasion: felt his pulse; talked Arabic; took his fee, and shook his noddle with wonderful sagacity. Now
the

the shaking of a physician's pericranium has ever been looked upon as equally ominous with the cry of the scritch owl, the howling of dogs, the spilling of salt, or the sinister raven of antiquity. Certain it is, that this vibration of the pericranical muscles, always portends much mischief, either to the health, or purse of the patient. Snip, however, construed it in the former light: for though Snip loved his money as well as most men, yet he loved his life better. He looked upon himself as a man given over by the doctor, and, consequently, physically dead, to all intents and purposes. The twisting of his guts, was now productive of a twisting in his conscience: the stays, and buckram that he had overcharged, and the remnants he had cabbaged, became so many dæmons to torment him. However, a soporific from the apothecary,

gave him, at length, to taste the sweets of sleep.

A vision now presented itself to the mental eyes of master Snip. An angel appeared to him, his temples circumfused with beams of glory so refulgent that it was impossible for Snip to behold him, without manifest danger of his eye-sight. Snip, says the angel, (displaying a party-coloured banner composed of remnants of different cloths, red, black, white, yellow) "rascally Snip, behold, in this banner, the witnesses of your misdeeds: notwithstanding which, indulgent heaven consents to restore you to your pristine plight, that you may repent of your former iniquities, and deal with more honesty for the future.---Remember the banner.---Adieu."

Snip

Snip, when he awaked, found himself as found as a roach: the doctor assured him it was impossible; for that (although he was one of the most expeditious of his profession) he had never yet cured the slightest disorder of that kind, in less than a month. "Besides," continued he, "Hippocrates, that prince of physicians, expressly says, in his chapter."—"Damn your hypocrites, and your chapters," quoth Snip, "dost think, because I han't studied physic, that I don't know when I am well? here, Jack, throw that nauseous draught out of window, and hand me down that cold buttock and carrot: come, doctor, let me prescribe, in my turn—a plate there for the doctor." But that sagacious gentleman, in dudgeon for the indignity offered to the faculty, in the person of one of their members, took up his hat and cane, and walked away with a becoming gravity.

Snip, resolved now to new model his life; for the banner often represented itself to his imagination in all its terrors. With this intent, lest he should happen inadvertently to yield to temptation, he bespoke his 'prentice: "Jack" says he, "I desire, for the future, that, " whenever you catch me throwing any " cabbage into hell, you will pull me by " the sleeve, and cry, halt, master, remember the banner." The boy was very punctual in obeying his master's commands, and indeed, had little else to do from morning to night, than to cry out, " halt, master, remember the banner." So great is the prevalence of custom. Snip, however, always stopped his hand at the summons, mindful of what the angel had enjoined him.

It happened, some short time after, that a personage of great distinction, who was about to take his swing in the honourable noose of wedlock, sent for master Snip to make him his wedding suit : for Snip was looked upon as a man, deeply read in the doctrine of outward ornaments ; and might, very properly, have been styled doctor of fashions. This suit was to be formed of the richest brocade that could be purchased : 'twas impossible to resist so glaring a temptation : Snip, with nimble scissars, lopt off two yards, at least, and was on the point of depositing it in his hell, when Jack cries out, according to his instructions, “ halt “ master, remember the banner.” “ Oh, “ as for this,” replies the taylor, “ 'tis “ out of the case, for I remember very “ well, there was no brocade of this pat- “ tern in the banner.” This short tale is a convincing example, how difficult it

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is to shake off an habit we have given
way too ; especially where our interest is
concerned.

ONE

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES
ANOTHER.

A TALE.

A young gentleman in the French service, whose affairs had called him to court, having set out pretty late from Versailles, upon his return to his winter quarters, which lay about nine leagues from thence, had hardly got half way his journey, when he was overtaken by a violent storm. The rain, which poured down in great abundance, rendered the night so obscure, that (being incapable
of

of discerning what road to keep) he determined to put up at the next village he came to. A light, which he perceived at a great distance, induced him to ride towards it. He at length arrived there, without having kept any certain track ; and found, that the light he had discovered proceeded from a farm-house, situate by itself, at a considerable distance from any other house. He knocked pretty loudly at the gate, and, having asked the servant maid, who came to open it, how far it was to the garrison, and finding he had still four good leagues to travel, he begged to know if he might not be accommodated with lodging in the farm-house until the morning, the night being so extremely dark, that it would be almost impossible for him to find his way to the place he was going to. The servant went in to inform her master of the officer's request, who immediately

mediately came to the door himself, and, struck with the good appearance of the officer, desired him to alight, and conducted him into the kitchen, where there was a good fire, that he might dry his cloaths, which were soaked through with the rain;—after which he took him into his parlour, and having ordered a fowl to the spit, discoursed with him (while supper was making ready) on military affairs, and the news of the times; for though a farmer, he did not want for sense. At supper he gave his guest an hearty welcome, and regaled him in the best manner he was able: and the officer, who now at his ease, heard the winds bluster, and the rain rattle, became so sensibly touched with the humane behaviour of the farmer, that (not content with barely thanking him for his civility) he assured him he should ever retain a grateful sense of the obligations conferred

ferred on him, and, should an opportunity offer, would render him any service in his power, with the greatest alacrity.

If the officer was already satisfied with the kind entertainment of his host, he had still more reason to be so, when he found himself conducted into a very elegant bedchamber, which the farmer always kept ready for the owner of the estate, who used frequently to lodge with him, for the benefit of the air. The officer having locked his door, and deposited his pistols upon the table, undressed himself; and leaped into a soft bed of down, where he hoped to pass no disagreeable night.

About half an hour after he was in bed, somebody knocked again at the gate; and the servant going to open it
as

as usual, was much surprized to see a man, disguised in a mask, who, seizing her by the arm, told her she must immediately conduct him to her master : he was followed by two of his companions, who were also masked ; and you may easily guess at the situation of the poor farmer, who immediately guessed at their errand ; for, indeed, they were no other than three robbers, who knowing that the farmer had sold a considerable quantity of wheat at market that morning, and received the money for the same, were come to disburden him of the cash. One of them advancing towards him, held a poignard to his throat, and threatning to murder him if he offered to cry out or make the least resistance, insisted on his delivering to them the sum he had that morning received, without any delay. The farmer, finding the party too unequal, determined to yield
up

up, by fair means, what they would otherwise compel him to yield up by force, and save his life, at the expence of his money ; and told them, in as mild a tone as the disagreeable situation he was in would permit him, that he would bring it them. The robbers, however, refused to agree to this ; for they did not judge it proper, by any means, that he should be out of their fight: they therefore desired him to send his servant, to the place where the money was deposited.

The farmer immediately gave the key to his maid, and desired her to fetch a bag, which she would find in a cupboard in the great room, which was the very room in which the officer lay ; but the poor farmer was so terrified at that instant, that it was very probable he did not recollect there was any body in the house but himself, and his maid.

The

The noise the servant made, in attempting to open the door of the officer's chamber, which she did not know he had locked, having awaked him, he called out to know who was there? the maid in a low voice for fear of being overheard by the villains, begged of him, for G---d's sake, to step to the door, that she might inform him of what had happened. The officer immediately arose, and being informed of what had passed between her master and the thieves, opened his door. While the maid was taking the money out of the cupboard, the officer did not remain idle. He primed his pistols, and ruminated on the most probable expedients he could put in practice, to deliver his worthy host from the danger he was in, without the loss of his money. He at length determined upon a scheme, which (though some people may accuse him of rashness and

and temerity) was well worthy the courage of our intrepid young warrior; and which may serve to teach us, that there are no difficulties that can withstand an undaunted soul, and determined bravery. He told the servant to untie the bag in which the farmer's money was, and, feigning to make a false step, to fall down, and scatter the money about the room, where her master was detained by the villains.

The girl followed punctually the officer's directions: and the robbers (suspecting no deceit but looking upon her fall as an accident) began immediately to pick up the scattered money. The officer, who had followed the servant, at a distance, no sooner saw them stoop, than he made softly up to the door, and fired his two pistols, with so just and fortunate an aim, that he laid two of the robbers dead upon

upon the spot; and running in at the same time upon the third, who was quite thunderstruck at the report of the pistols, he seized him by the collar; and the farmer now assisting him, they pini-
oned him, and, the next day, delivered him over to the civil magistrate, and he shortly after received the punishment due to his demerits, and the farmer had no small reason to rejoice in the hospitality he had exercised towards a stranger in distress.

THE

THE STRATAGEM;

Or, the Doctor fluxed by his Patient.

A TALE.

THEOPHILUS Mundungus M. D. and F. R. S. was a disciple of Esculapius, of high note and extensive practice, in his majesty's good city of London, to the no small joy and emolument of the worthy fraternity of upholders, coffin-makers, indigent parsons, needy sextons, and hungry bell-tollers. He was a terror to every disease incident to the human frame, which he used to assail, with
such

such undaunted courage and intrepidity, that he never failed putting them to flight, though at the expence of the life of his patient. But of all the numerous diseases that wretched human carcases are subject to, the doctor's masterpiece was a flux: 'twas here he shone in all the eloquence of unintelligible bombast, 'twas against this enemy he armed himself with his strongest pills and bolusses, 'twas here he most prided himself in a victory. In short, no cat had so great an antipathy to a rat, no Jew had so great an aversion to a pork grisken, as our doctor to a flux. However, there was one extraordinary circumstance which attended the doctor's cures, and which some of our readers will doubtless look upon as a most extraordinary phenomenon: he could never drive the disease from the body of his patient, but it immediately took up its residence in his purse; and
ever

ever as the patient's strength increased, that of his purse declined.

Mundungus, who at this period happened to be the fashionable physician, the man in vogue (for among persons of quality physicians become a fashion and are changed as often as the cut of a skirt or the mode of a sleeve) had amassed a very considerable fortune, and by daily practice was still adding to the mass. From the exactest searches we have been able to make, both from the weekly bills of mortality, and the parochial lists of deaths and burials, we have computed, that the doctor generally received fees (taking one day with the other) to the amount of twenty guineas per diem.

A certain gentleman of the pad, of keen wit, and subtle invention, well assured

fured that the doctor did not return
 home at night with empty pockets,
 thought (though he was no lawyer) that
 it would be no very difficult task, to
 make a conveyance of the fruits of a
 day's homicide from the pocket of
 Mundungus into his own. With this
 design, having remarked at what hour
 the doctor had generally finished his
 visits, he laid in wait for him at the end
 of the street in which he lived. As soon
 as he saw the doctor, he ran to meet
 him, and feigning himself quite out of
 breath, "sir," said he, "how lucky am
 " I to meet with you ; I am just come
 " from your house, where I was informed
 " you was not at home: for heaven's sake
 " make haste along with me, my poor
 " wife is tormented with a most violent
 " flux, and cannot hold it till to-morrow
 " morning, unless you condescend to
 " yield her your assistance." " I have
 " been

“ been visiting all day,” replies the doctor, “ I cannot possibly go thither to-
 “ night. Indeed, were I to be stimulated
 “ by an additional fee, I cannot tell but--
 here the sharper, interrupting him, squeezed two guineas into his hungry fist, which silent eloquence so wrought upon him, that, with the greatest complaisance imaginable, he desired the other to lead the way ; and, though he had just before complained of being fatigued, followed him as fleet as a greyhound.

The doctor, as soon as he entered the sharper’s lodging, having first screwed his face up to its accustomed pitch of gravity, walked up to the bedside with great deliberation, and drawing aside the curtain, stretched out his hand to examine the pulse of his patient ; but upon a closer inspection found that no patient was
 there

there. The doctor was about to make further inquiry, when the sharper, putting a pistol to his throat, and at the same time displaying a purse: "doctor," quoth he, "this purse is my spouse. I have almost killed her with kindness: junketting, and revelling have worn her to a mere skeleton; it is from your skill alone she can hope any relief in the disease she labours under." The doctor would have expostulated in gentle terms, but being informed all he could say in defence of his beloved mammon would not signify a button, he began to grow mad with rage. "Villain," exclaimed he, "is it thus you treat me, the thunderbolt of physic the greatest conqueror this, or any other age ever produced? what were Alexander and his Macedonians, Achilles and his Mirmydons, or Marlborough and his braver Englishmen, compared to Mun-

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“dungus and his potions? beware lest
 “in my fury I bleed, purge, probe, blif-
 “ter, saw, cut, cup, amputate; take heed,
 “I say, lest I rack your joints with fe-
 “vers, agues, gout, rheumatism, plague,
 “pleurefy, catharr, cholicks of all sorts,
 “both wet and dry.”----At this period
 the doctor had so exhausted himself, that
 he sunk into an elbow-chair. By degrees
 he again recovered his pristine state of
 mind; and finding the sharper still in-
 flexible, and determined to shoot him if
 he did not immediately cure his wife of
 the flux, necessity obliged him to comply.
 The rogue, when he had emptied his
 pockets, to shew him that he was not to-
 tally ignorant of the rules of good
 breeding, insisted upon waiting on him
 to his own door, where he wished him
 good night, having first borrowed his
 scarlet cloak of him, as it looked likely
 to rain.

THE

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

A NOVEL.

THERE is nothing the ideas of mankind differ so much in as love. Some yield themselves up so intirely to the soft empire of Cupid, that they imagine every lady they meet ought to become the object of their wishes, and that they have an undoubted right to seek the possession of her charms. Others, on the contrary, are so extreamly insensible to this pleasing passion, that one would think their eyes were utterly incapable of making any distinction between beauty

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and

and deformity. Souls without the minutest sense of delicacy, who look upon women as an imperfect creation, infinitely below the dignity of man; souls deserving the epithet of hereticks in love, and who not only refuse to submit to this deity, but also laugh at his power, and turn to derision the tender expressions a lover makes use of to depicture his flame. Yet it often happens that these very hereticks, forgetful of their former sentiments, become a thousand times more enamoured than others. Of this the succeeding history will be a proof

Don Carlos, and Don Juan were bosom friends, born in the same city, brought up in the same house, and moreover having studied together in the same college, they had contracted a sincere and intimate friendship. But though they were so strictly united in the bands
of

of friendship, their humours and inclinations were, notwithstanding, diametrically opposite. Let us now display the different characters of these two friends.—Don Juan was well made in his person, his stature above the middle size, his air easy, and his appearance engaging; he was civil, and courteous to every body; his temper affable and good-humoured; always ready to oblige those to whom he could be of any service: his wit was ready, and rendered still more brilliant by a natural fund of good sense, improved by the politest education. In short, he was in possession of numberless good qualities, which gave him to appear in the world with more than common lustre, and gained him admirers even among the fair sex. Every one who was acquainted with him, charmed with his merit, testified the greatest esteem for him. He was far from insen-

sible ; so that his tender breast soon acknowledged the soft empire of love. The charms of the fair Angelica made an impression upon his heart. He lost for her a liberty otherwise so precious ; and felt for her all that a tender lover can feel. His soul enkindled with a lively ardour the very first time he saw her, and his indulgence to the first motions of his passion, soon fanned the spark to a flame. However, he made no mystery of his love, but took the first opportunity of disclosing it to the fair-one who caused his smart. Angelica, on her side, enamoured with his virtue and merit, was far from being displeased with this declaration : she did not however let him perceive, at first, that she had any inclination for him ; but armed her beautiful eyes with dissembled anger and disdain, the better to make proof of his sincerity, which she found real. Satisfied

tified therefore with his love and constancy, it is probable she would immediately have united her destiny to his, had not some family reasons put her under a necessity of differing for some time an happiness, that Don Juan was so anxious to be possessed of. This delay however, far from quenching the chaste fire that burned within their breast, added fresh fuel to the flame ; and the innocent favours his mistress indulged him in, rendered him the most amorous of lovers. Let us now give the portrait of Don Carlos.----Don Carlos was one of the handsomest cavaliers the city of Madrid could boast of; and the accomplishments of his mind were in nothing inferiour to those of his body. He not only professed an extream indifference for the most beauteous persons of the other sex ; but affected to treat them with the utmost disdain: he ridiculed their little foibles

without mercy, and laughed at those who (as he expressed it) were weak enough to become the slaves of a woman; in short he imagined that he himself would always enjoy the liberty of loving, or not loving as he thought fit.

Such were Don Carlos and Don Juan, when Don Carlos who ridiculed the amour of his friend, and rallied him daily on the tenderness he expressed for Angelica, lost on a sudden all his mirth and vivacity, became thoughtful and melancholy, and changed his former gay and festive connections, for the more retired and solemn society of the nightingale. Don Juan astonished at so sudden a change in his temper, was at a loss to discover the cause: he complained to his friend of so obstinate a silence, and conjured him, by the ties of their friendship, to discover the cause of his anxiety: but
 he

he could obtain no other answer than a sigh--or an alas! Don Juan, however, alarmed to see his friend buried in so deep a melancholy, was not to be put off by a refusal, and judging by his conduct, that something of the last importance must have happened, to cause so unaccountable a change in his temper, endeavoured to dissipate his chagrin by procuring him all the diversions he could think of; but Don Carlos could find no relish in pleasure, and shunned company more than ever. Don Juan finding his melancholy increase daily, resolved to press him again to make him partner of his grief; but his attempt proving vain he had recourse to a stratagem. He had often taken notice that Don Carlos often retired into a shady thicket, not far distant from the city; thither he watched him one day, in order, if possible, to collect from his soliloquy the oc-

cation of his sorrow, and administer all
 the assistance in his power. Don Carlos
 little suspecting that his friend was so
 near him, after heaving a deep sigh from
 the bottom of his breast, and giving a
 free course to the torrent of his tears ex-
 claimed---“ What a wretch am I! love
 “ has taken a severe revenge for the con-
 “ tempt I treated him with. Alas! to my
 “ sorrow, I am now sensible of his
 “ power. He softens my breast for the
 “ most charming object the sun ever be-
 “ held; but, at the same time, steels
 “ her bosom, and renders her inflexible:
 “ she treats me with the utmost rigour,
 “ she disdains my passion, she treats me
 “ as an impostor, and under so cruel a
 “ circumstance, my pride and my indif-
 “ ference abandon me. Love alone
 “ reigns lord in my breast, and compels
 “ me to sigh for her who laughs at my
 “ torment. Alas! was ever misfortune
 “ equal

“ equal to mine ? shall I not become
 “ the ridicule of all my friends, who are
 “ acquainted with my former sentiments ?
 “ let my inhuman mistress treat me ever
 “ so cruelly no one will pity the pangs I
 “ endure. I should esteem it some con-
 “ solation in the midst of my torments,
 “ if my passion might remain a secret to
 “ the rest of mankind ; but the cruel fair-
 “ one will feel too sensible a pleasure in
 “ publishing it to the world. Oh happy
 “ indifference ! invaluable liberty ! that
 “ I vainly imagined I could preserve for
 “ ever, why do ye not yield me your as-
 “ sistance ? why will ye not return again,
 “ and banish from my heart a passion so
 “ fatal to my quiet ? but in vain do I
 “ court ye : love who has usurped your
 “ throne is too powerful, and offended
 “ that you have so long been rebellious
 “ to his dominion, takes now his ample
 “ revenge. How I envy thy happiness,
 “ dear

“ dear Don Juan, whom I have so often
 “ rallied ! you submitted to the soft sway
 “ of Cupid without resistance, and the
 “ little god lavishes his favours on you as
 “ a friend, while he treats me with all
 “ the rigour of an implacable enemy.
 “ Oh, be not offended at my silence ;
 “ shame ties up my tongue, and forbids
 “ me to disclose a secret I should blush
 “ to reveal. Let me suffer, since I de-
 “ serve it : remain still ignorant of my
 “ passion, and let me enjoy the poor sa-
 “ tisfaction of thinking you have not
 “ discovered my weakness.” Don Juan,
 whose tender heart sympathized in the
 distress of his friend, left his conceal-
 ment, and ran to embrace him, and tes-
 tify the joy he experienced in finding his
 sentiments so similar to his own. He
 assured him that he shared in his affliction,
 and that if he would repose confidence
 enough in him to disclose the name of
 the

the lady he sighed for, he would do every thing in his power to bring his sorrows to an happy conclusion. He represented to him, that if he entertained for him the same friendship as formerly, he ought not to hide any secret from one who was as part of himself, nor need he blush to confess, that he had offered up his heart at the shrine of beauty. That in regard to the sentiments he had formerly professed, he need not fear that they would be of any prejudice to his amour ; but that, on the contrary, the longer he had resisted, and the greater indifference he had testified, the more glorious would be the conquest of the fair-one, who would most assuredly feel the highest satisfaction in subduing an heart, that so many others had laid siege to in vain ; that consequently he could have no reasons to despair of conquering the resistance of the fair-one in his turn.

He

He added to these so many other reasons, that he at length persuaded Don Carlos to lay open his heart to him. The surprise that the unexpected presence of Don Juan had occasioned; the secret of his passion discovered by his friend, from whom he had so carefully concealed it; the dread of his raillery or reproaches, in short a thousand different thoughts that crowded upon his imagination, rendered him, for some time, incapable of uttering a syllable: but the kind speeches of his friend had such an effect upon him, that, without allowing him leisure to finish his discourse, he embraced him with all the tenderness the sincerest friendship can inspire, and said, “ you are too generous, Don Juan, I am
 “ unworthy of this testimony of so perfect
 “ a friendship. Any one but yourself
 “ would have abandoned me to my
 “ sufferings, nor have taken any further
 “ trouble

“ trouble about a wretch, who placed so
 “ little confidence in his friend. I con-
 “ fess I have not acted with you, as I
 “ ought to have done with a friend such
 “ as I knew you to be: but alas! how
 “ hard a task was it for me to publish
 “ my own defeat, after having so long
 “ withstood the dominion of love. Be-
 “ lieve me, it is no trivial mortification,
 “ for an heart who vainly esteemed it-
 “ self lord of its liberty, and who ridi-
 “ culed the bondage of others, to find
 “ itself on a sudden enthralled in the
 “ same chains, and to experience at the
 “ same time, the sad effects of beauty
 “ and disdain. But since your generosity
 “ is great enough to apologize for him
 “ you ought rather to condemn, and
 “ that, instead of doing yourself justice
 “ for the sarcasms I vented against your
 “ passion for Angelica, you kindly offer
 “ me your assistance, I will now inform
 “ you

“ you, what means were productive of
 “ so total a change of sentiments in my
 “ heart.

“ It is scarce a week ago since I was
 “ jesting with you upon love and his
 “ power. You remember what bitter
 “ taunts I threw out against those, who
 “ were weak enough to yield to his sway ;
 “ and that you told me, among other
 “ things, to take care, for that I should
 “ be ensnared before I was aware of it.
 “ You know how I put love to defiance,
 “ and braved the charms of the most
 “ perfect beauties : in short, you know
 “ what confidence I placed in my own
 “ strength. Alas ! dear friend, that day
 “ was the last of my liberty : love had
 “ resolved, on the morrow, to punish
 “ me for so blameable an indifference,
 “ and load me with chains as beauteous,
 “ as cruel. I happened that day, to be
 “ in

“ in company with some persons of either
 “ sex: the discourse, which at first was
 “ general, at length fell upon love, and
 “ his power; on the charms of the fair
 “ sex, and the ascendant they gain over
 “ mankind. Every one spoke his senti-
 “ ment upon the subject. I who placed
 “ all my glory in braving love and
 “ beauty, spoke my natural sentiments,
 “ with the greatest unconcern imaginable;
 “ and gave myself no little trouble to
 “ defend my opinion. I took a pleasure
 “ in contesting with the fair, the power
 “ they claim over the heart; and boldly
 “ opened in their presence, that it was to
 “ the weakness, and pusillanimity of
 “ mankind that love was indebted for
 “ his conquests. I leave you who are so
 “ well acquainted with my sentiments to
 “ to imagine, all that I said upon this
 “ occasion. Those among the company
 “ who were strangers to me, were as-
 “ nished

“ nished at the peculiarity of my senti-
 “ ments, and looked upon me undoubt-
 “ edly as a most extraordinary personage.
 “ The moment was now approaching,
 “ which was to put a period to senti-
 “ ments so extravagant, and unnatural,
 “ and effect a strange revolution in my
 “ breast. I was in the very heat of my
 “ argument, when a lady, most exqui-
 “ sitely beautiful, and such as I had
 “ never beheld before, addressed her
 “ discourse to me, and looking at me
 “ with a fixed and serious eye, asked me,
 “ if I was well persuaded of what I had
 “ said? oh, Don Juan, what did I feel in
 “ that moment! what a conflict passed
 “ in my breast!

“ I remained incapable of making any
 “ reply, and felt at that instant a some-
 “ thing I had never felt before, her
 “ beauty, heightened by a crimson blush
 “ that

“ that overspread her countenance (per-
 “ haps because I gazed at her with an
 “ emotion too easy to be remarked, and
 “ which it was impossible for me to
 “ hide) the argument I had maintained,
 “ in short love, pride, and indifference
 “ raised such a conflict in my soul, that
 “ I knew not what I ought to reply.
 “ While I continued gazing at her in
 “ raptures, her sparkling eyes happened
 “ to meet mine, and I remained quite
 “ dazzled with their splendour. Me-
 “ thought they reproached me with insen-
 “ sibility, and that I was guilty of an
 “ injustice, in refusing them the homage
 “ of my heart. They soon conquered
 “ what little power of resistance re-
 “ mained, and I was forced to confess,
 “ with a sigh, that love reigned con-
 “ queror. I threw myself at her feet,
 “ and in a trembling voice, and eyes
 “ cast down upon the earth, I at length
 “ replied

“replied---No, madam, and if I have
 “hitherto entertained so unjust a thought
 “impute it not so much to my inclina-
 “tion, as to the fatal error that has
 “misled me. My crime was the effects
 “of ignorance. I was never acquainted
 “with the power of love: but esteem
 “myself infinitely happy, in owing my
 “conversion to those bright eyes. Yes,
 “let heavens be witness of the truth of
 “what I utter; ’tis you that have, in one
 “moment, convinced me of my error,
 “and I freely acknowledge I am not
 “proof against your charms. Permit
 “me to offer you an heart over which
 “you have triumphed; and whose
 “greatest happiness will ever consist in
 “endeavouring to merit the esteem of so
 “accomplished a lady. I am sensible it
 “is unworthy your acceptance: the only
 “favour I dare hope for is, that you
 “will receive it as the humblest of your
 “slaves:

“ slaves : too happy, should its wretched
 “ condition be capable of inspiring you
 “ with some pity ; or that you would
 “ enjoin it any task, to convince you of
 “ the sincerity of the flame that consumes
 “ it. This is, as near as I can recollect,
 “ the speech, which the violence of my
 “ passion dictated to me. I had hardly
 “ thrown myself at her feet, when she
 “ obliged me to arise ; and when I had
 “ done speaking, said to me, with a
 “ countenance expressive of her surprize :
 “ Surely, sir, you give into the most vi-
 “ olent extremities. Since you have
 “ kept your heart so long, you are wel-
 “ come to keep it still : then turning
 “ from me, she directed her discourse to
 “ a friend that sat next her, and left me
 “ in the greatest embarrassment in the
 “ world. I had not courage enough to
 “ attempt speaking to her any more, so
 “ that I took leave of the company, to
 “ reflect

“ reflect upon my adventure at leisure.
 “ I at first determined to lay my case
 “ before you, and intreat your advice in
 “ the name of our friendship; but when
 “ I called to mind, what had passed be-
 “ tween us the preceeding day upon the
 “ topic of love, shame denied my words
 “ an utterance; and, fearful of incurring
 “ your just reproach, I resolved to keep
 “ my amour secret, till such time at
 “ least as my lovely, but too inhuman
 “ mistress should condescend to treat me
 “ with less rigour. Thus, my dear
 “ friend, I have informed you of a secret,
 “ which I have so long time kept hidden
 “ from you; and also the motives that
 “ engaged me to silence. I have every
 “ day since this change has been wrought
 “ upon me, paid a visit to my mistress,
 “ to repeat to her the most solemn as-
 “ surances of my love and fidelity; but
 “ she only turns my passion into ridicule,
 “ and

“ and enjoins me a cruel silence : so that
 “ I have abandoned all hopes of succeed-
 “ ing in my amour, and consequently
 “ all hopes of future happiness. Her
 “ cruelty has not been capable of alte-
 “ ring my affection, and my bliss is so
 “ immediately dependant on her smile,
 “ that I feel I must be for ever wretched ;
 “ unless the deity, so justly offended at
 “ the outrage offered to his divine power,
 “ should, in pity to my sufferings, deign
 “ to breathe into her breast a spark of
 “ love like mine.” Don Juan repeated
 to his friend, that he ought not to give
 way to despair, but endeavour to com-
 fort himself in the pleasing hope, that he
 might yet conquer the inflexibility of
 his fair one by the constancy of his flame.
 He added, that it was usual with the
 ladies to treat their lovers with disdain;
 but that this conduct did not so much
 proceed from any dislike they had to re-
 ceive

ceive the addressees of their admirers, as through a prudential motive ; to make proof of the sincerity of their love. He then desired to be informed of the lady's name ? Don Carlos told him her name was Lucinda, and that she was a cousin of Angelica's. Don Juan promised him to employ all the rhetoric he was master of, to bring his amour to an happy issue, and that he would make use of his interest with Angelica, who he doubted not would willingly join with him in the same design, whose sollicitations, together with the merit and constancy of the person in whose favour they would be made, he was very well assured could not fail meeting with the desired success. They parted upon this, having first made the most solemn protestations of persevering in the most perfect amity for each other. Don Juan waited immediately upon Angelica, to acquit himself of the promise

promise he had made to his friend ; and that generous lady, with the greatest pleasure, took upon herself the task of inspiring her cousin with more favourable sentiments for her admirer Don Carlos : in short, she depicted the virtues of this young gentleman in such lively colours to Lucinda, who was far from entertaining that indifference for him she had so long dissembled, that she obliged her to confess before she left her that her esteem for him was reciprocal ; and love, not content with one victory, caused the pride which had hitherto lorded it in her breast, to yield to more tender sentiments : and to render the happiness of those lovers compleat, obviated every obstacle that seemed to oppose their union. Don Juan obtained the consent of Angelica's relations, which had been hitherto refused him ; and thus became elevated to the highest pinnacle of feli-

city. Don Carlos had also the pleasure to find, that the relations of Lucinda were far from being averse to their union. The nuptials of these happy lovers were both celebrated on the same day. Don Carlos blessed the happy moment, in which his beloved Lucinda had convinced him of his error, and rendered him sensible of the most perfect pleasures mortals are capable of tasting; and Don Juan, on his side, could not cease admiring so sudden a change. The ladies too, reflected with pride, on the power of their charms; and beheld themselves with pleasure, united to husbands of such distinguished merit, who made all their happiness consist in the possession of their charms.

THE PARSON

Foiled at his own Weapons.

A TALE.

A Young gentleman of Shropshire having, by the death of an uncle, entered into possession of a very plentiful fortune, resolved to take a trip to London, and see the wonders of thar bewitching metropolis. Having therefore taken the necessary precaution of lining his pockets with a little ready rino, he whipt into a

post-chaise, and arrived at that capital, without any thing having happened on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate.

It would have caused no small emotion in the risible muscles of thy phiz, courteous reader, to have seen this young gentleman stand staring at the fine signs, with his mouth wide open as though he were going to play at bob-cherry, and his hands stuck in the pockets of his jerkin like a Dutchman, while the light-fingered gentlemen of the pad, were no less intent upon removing his snuff-box, his handkerchief, and the paper of gingerbread nuts his mama had given him to keep the cold out of his stomach. Master Jacky (for so they used to call him in the country, though it was at least two years since he was out of his teens) having gaped his bellyfull, went, of course,

course, to see St. Paul's, the wax-work in Fleet-Street, the giants at Guild-Hall, and the lions in the Tower.

Though master Jacky at his arrival in London had neither relation, friend, or acquaintance in that capital, yet numbers sprung up in the space of twenty-four hours: for it is an observation I have made, who boast some superficial smattering in natural history, that gold is of the nature of seed, and, implanted in the pocket of a credulous weak person, is as naturally productive of relations, friends, and acquaintance, as the seeds of the lettuce, or mushroom are of their respective fruits. Certain it is that there is in London, and probably in every other capital city in the universe, a set of keen-scented gentlemen, whom the French, for distinction sake, term *Chevaliers d'Industrie*, who can make as sure

a point at a guinea in a pocket, as the setting dog at a partridge in a stubble. To make short: master Jacky, in less than two days after his arrival in town, got into company with a set of notable gamblers; and having more inclination for gaming, than knowledge of either cards, or dice, he was in a short time, like the fabled jack-daw left without a feather.

He was now obliged to write down for fresh supplies, which were sent him, which he was in a fair way of squandering as he had done the rest, when a gentleman of honour and humanity who became accidentally acquainted with him, had the good nature to give information to his friends in the country of the courses he was pursuing. His friends immediately wrote to him in the most pathetic terms, urging him to desist from a course
of

of life, that would inevitably bring him in the end to ruin, and disgrace: but finding he paid no regard to their repeated solicitations to refrain from gaming, and that he was then going to mortgage part of his estate, they thought their best expedient would be, to depute to him Mr. Simon Smooth, minister of the parish, whose eloquence, and force of argument they looked upon to be irresistible: besides, they imagined that he would undoubtedly pay a more than ordinary respect to a gentleman of his cloth, and pay a greater deference to what he should advise.

Mr. Smooth being prevailed upon (partly by a pecuniary consideration, and partly by a christian desire of rescuing the young man from the jaws of the old serpent) to undertake the journey, set out for London; where he arrived plump,

sleek, and in good plight. Having found out master Jacky's lodgings, he waited upon him, about eleven o'clock in the morning (as he had been apprized in the country, that the London gentry seldom arose before ten) and expected to have nicked his breakfast time : but how great was his surprize, when he was informed by that young gentleman's footman, that his master was that moment come home, and gone to bed, but that if he would call again in the afternoon, he might probably see him. Smooth went away, tossing up an extempore ejaculation for the young gentleman's health, for he imagined he had been suddenly seized with some disorder, which had obliged him to take to his bed. In the afternoon he called again, but master Jacky was not yet risen ; however, upon sending up his name, he obtained

tained an audience of that young gentleman.

“Smooth,” cries master Jacky when he saw him enter, “d---n it! how dost
 “do, boy? tip us thy b---dy fist: who
 “the d---l in hell would have expected
 “to see you here! how did you leave
 “them all in the country?” the parson
 stared---“Z--ds,” continued he, “master
 “Simon, I have had the most damnable
 “bad run last night! we set hard at it
 “till ten this morning, and I’ll be
 “damned if I brought away more than
 “one shilling to pay my hack, out of a
 “cool thousand I laid down before me:
 “but d---n it! we’ll have another knock
 “for it to-night, master Simon.”

Master Simon, having previously
 smoothed his band, and hemed twice or

thrice to clear the vehicle of his elocution, began to read the young squire a very serious lecture. He reproved him pretty severely for the bad habit he had contracted of profane swearing, which he attributed to the vicious company he kept; whence he took occasion to demonstrate, that gaming is the source of all other vices, that it is productive of oaths, — blasphemy, and a multitude of deadly sins, that would not fail to despoil him of his inheritance in this world, as well as in the next. “Z—ds,” cries master Jacky, “now you are talking of
 “deadly sins, I remember I was the
 “other day thumbing over a popish
 “prayer book, and there I found sins of
 “all sorts and sizes, scored down by way
 “of catalogue; I don’t know the reason
 “of it, unless it be that people may
 “pick and chuse, and see what suits them
 “best: however, among the rest, there
 “were

“ were the seven deadly sins: my me-
 “ mory’s pretty good, I believe I can
 “ repeat them to you; let’s see, there is
 “ pride--covetousness--lust--anger--glut-
 “ tony--envy and sloth; those are they.
 “ Now, master parson, sit you down
 “ there, and I’ll undertake to prove, that
 “ gaming, far from being an incentive
 “ to vice, and those deadly sins you
 “ mentioned, the catalogue of which I
 “ have just now enumerated, is an assured
 “ remedy against vice in general, and par-
 “ ticularly against those seven deadly sins.
 “ What pride, sir, can a man possibly
 “ have, who, having lost his all in com-
 “ pany with persons of distinction, can
 “ humiliate himself so far as to tols up
 “ with porters, and link boys for far-
 “ things, in order to raise a new fund?
 “ can any one in his senses accuse a man
 “ of avarice, who is uneasy till he has
 “ squandered his last shilling at the ga-
 “ ming

„ ming table ? what leifure has a man to
 “ indulge in luxurious defires, who does
 “ nothing but play both day and night ?
 “ how can a man be accused of anger,
 “ who will put up with ten thousand in-
 “ dignities, from scoundrels worthy of
 “ an halter, rather than relinquish their
 “ company ? how can a man be accused
 “ of drunkenness, or gluttony, who
 “ grudges to expend a fixpenny piece,
 “ that he may have the more to game
 “ with ? what desire can a man have of
 “ his neighbour’s wealth, who fquanders
 “ his own away fo carelefsly ? and how
 “ can you accufe him of sloth, who is
 “ continually occupied both night and
 “ day, in rattling the dice box ? fo I
 “ think, Mr. Smooth, that I have pretty
 “ clearly refuted your logic.”

Poor Smooth, who happened to be no
 conjurer, fat fcratching his head, as
 mute

mute as a fish ; nor had he a single word to offer in his defence. The very first opportunity he seized his hat, made his leg, and took an hasty leave ; and being asked at his return into the country, how he had succeeded in reclaiming the young gentleman from his vices ? “ ad-zookers,” quoth Simon, “ there’s no dealing with London wit ! egad he is “ a match for the bishop.”

THE

THE SWINE-HERD

A TALE.

A Young widow bewitched, whose husband (an officer) had left the soft and peaceful bed of Venus, to seek honour and renown in the laborious, and perilous field of Mars; being tired of passing the solitary nights alone, cast her eye upon a young swine-herd, whose office was that of valet de chambre to her husband's hogs. This young fellow she thought would suit her purpose to an hair; for he had a face as round as an apple, and

and as blooming as a peach; his jetty locks flowed in loose ringlets down his neck; his eyes might vie with the brightest diamonds in lustre, and his limbs and shoulders with those of the stoutest Hibernian chairman: in short, he wanted nothing but an handsome suit, and a more polished dialect, to fill with dignity the throne of a monarch.

Collin (for so he was called) having received orders to wait upon his lady at night, after he had styeed his pigs, took more than ordinary pains to wash his hands and face clean; and comb his hair out of his eyes; for though a country lout, he had nevertheless a natural ambition of appearing lovely in the sight of the ladies. When he waited upon his mistress, pursuant to the instructions he had received, she made him sit down with her to supper, and Collin, who like
my

my lord mayor's fool loved every thing that was good, accepted the invitation, *sans ceremonie*, and played his part like a man of business. As soon as the supper was over, and bed time begun to approach, she accommodated her gallant with a clean shirt of her husband's, and ordered him to fill up the odious vacancy.

Collin acquitted himself so much to his mistress's satisfaction, that she ordered him to come again the ensuing night, at the same hour, which summons he obeyed with pleasure, for, besides a good supper and the enjoyment of a beautiful lass, he had been complimented with a pecuniary emolument for his services. Now so it happened, that her husband returned from the army that very night, so privately, that hardly a servant in the house knew any thing of his

his being arrived. Just as he was going to sit down to supper, somebody knocks at the door: he got up, and went to open it, and who should it be but Collin the swine-herd, who meeting with his master so unexpectedly, was so surprized, and confounded, he knew not what to say. The officer asked him what he wanted? "why, sir," replies he in the utmost confusion, "I----I----I came to know, whether you would have me put the sows, in the same sty with the hogs." What the devil possesses you to ask me so ridiculous a question," cries his master? "get you gone about your business, and don't trouble me." Collin immediately paid due obedience to his orders, and chuckled to think he had come off so well as he had.

The officer, who had naturally a tincture of jealousy in his composition,
and

and who had plainly perceived the surprise and consternation his swine-herd was in, as well as the astonishment too plainly depicted in the countenance of his spouse, began to suspect something of the truth: he resolved therefore to watch the actions of the swine-herd, with all the circumspection possible, and endeavour to discover whether he was, in reality, a brother of the horned fraternity or not. The next morning, the officer descried Collin walking slowly in the court-yard before the house, with something in his hand, which, as his back was turned to him, he could not see distinctly; but his jealousy represented to him that it might possibly be a billet-doux from his spouse. Down stairs he ran immediately, and walking softly behind him, heard him mutter. “ Adsoo-
 “ kers, that was a lucky thought of mine
 “ last night !” the officer imagined now,
 that

that the whole plot was discovered ; and seizing the swine-herd by the collar : “ what thought was that, you scoundrel,” cried he ? “ the thought of saving my supper for my breakfast, sir,” replies Collin, shewing him a large wedge of bread and cheese that he had in his hand. From this we may observe, that ingenuity of invention, especially in love affairs, is not confined to any particular class of people, since the greatest rustic often manages an intrigue with as much secrecy and discretion, as the more polished courtier.

THE

THE CORDELIERS*

A TALE.

TWO cordeliers travelling the country happened to arrive very late at a certain village of Poictou, where they took up their lodging at the house of a butcher, where they reckoned they would be sure of

* *Cordeliers* are brethren of the Order of St. Francis, so called in France, on account of the silken girdle they wear; *Cordon*, in the French language, signifying a string, or girdle.

of meeting with something to fill the vacuum in their stomachs ; for the French, though not so superstitious as their neighbours the Spaniards, are nevertheless kept under the lash of the clergy ; and dare as soon eat their nails as refuse their best bit, and softeft be to an itinerant friar, who graciously condescends to hallow their meat with his holy grinders, or their beds with his sanctified carcase.

The butcher, you may depend on it, laid down his best joint to roast for their suppers, and filled them a can of his best drink, and they failed not to verify the old French adage, “ to eat and drink like a Cordelier.” Having stuffed their paunches till they were scarce able to waddle, and paid their host with a benediction, which they made shift to eructate,
not

not without some difficulty, they retired to the chamber which had been prepared for their repose.

Now so it happened, that the room where the butcher and his wife lay adjoined to that of the Cordeliers, and there being a chink in the wainscot partition that divided the two chambers, the good friars (who have naturally a strong curiosity to dive into the private affairs of families) applied their ears to the crevice, in order to hear the discourse of their host and his wife as they lay in bed together. "My dear," says the butcher to his wife, little imagining he was overheard by his guests, "I must get up to-morrow morning very early, in order to look after our two Cordeliers," (a cant word or figurative expression he made use of to signify his hogs) "for one of them is very fat, and
" him

“ him I’ll kill; for I am sure we shall
“ find our account in it.” The two
poor friars, hearing this terrible sentence
pronounced, and being firmly persuaded
that the butcher had been talking about
them, gave themselves over for lost, and
expected the approach of morning in the
most dreadful apprehensions; for it hap-
pened that one of them was a great deal
fatter and plumper than the other,
which served to confirm them in their
suspicions. The fat rogue began imme-
diately to confess his sins to his brother,
saying, that the wicked butcher, having
lost the fear of g-d, would make no
more scruple of cutting his throat, than
that of a calf, or a sheep; and that it
was impossible to escape the effects of his
rage, as they must necessarily pass
through his room to get into the street.
The other, who was not quite so pusil-
laneous as his companion, gave it as
his

his opinion, that since it was impracticable to get out at the door, they should make an effort to get out at the window. This scheme the gentleman with the prominent paunch easily agreed to, as it could be attended with nothing worse than death, which they thought themselves sure of meeting with if they remained.

The author of the scheme having opened the window, and found it not near so high as he had imagined, jumped lightly into the street, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, without waiting for his companion, who presently after took the same leap, though with far different success; for his bulk was so enormous, that he fell as heavy as a lead weight, and hurt ~~ed~~ one of his legs so much in the fall, that he could hardly move. When he found that his
com-

companion had deserted him, and that he was rendered by this accident incapable of following him, he looked about, to see if there was any place in which he might hide himself; but could find no other than an hog-stye, in which the two swine of his host were tasting the sweets of repose. Thither he dragged himself, as well as he was able, and opening the door, the two swine ran out, and the poor Cordelier having shut the door, laid himself down in their place, resolved to lye snug till the morning, when he intended to alarm the passengers with his outcries, inform them of the imminent danger he was in of being murdered, and beg their assistance.

Soon as the morning began to dawn, the butcher arose, whetted his knife, and sallied forth in quest of the condemned

hog. He had no sooner opened the door of his sty, than he perceived, in the place of his hogs, a something in human shape; apparelled in black, which his fears very easily construed into old nick; and he remained so stupefied, that he had no power either to advance, or to retreat. The Cordelier, on his side, no sooner beheld the butcher enter, armed with his long knife, than he concluded he was come in quest of him: he began therefore to stretch his lungs, with repeated outcries of murder!—murder!—and running at the same time towards the door, in order, if possible, to make his escape, overset the butcher, who began now to cry out as lustily as the friar. The butcher's wife too hearing her husband's voice joined in the cry of murder!—murder! so that the whole village was presently alarmed. The good
friar

friar told his story ; and the butcher having convinced him of his mistake, the good friar's adventure was productive of no little merriment, among the inhabitants.

THE BARBER AND THE VICEROY.

A TALE.

AT that period of time when the great duke D'Offona was viceroy of Naples, there flourished in that city a barber, who might have vied either with the celebrated tonsor in the Arabian nights, or that more facetious shaver, of whom the celebrated Fielding makes such honourable mention in his Tom Jones. In
short

short this adjuster of human pericranes — possessed so many qualifications, that he acquired both the custom, and esteem of some of the greatest beards in that city. He handled a razor with such admirable dexterity, that you would have sworn he had been tickling your chin with a feather; touched the fiddle to admiration; sung a good song; told fortunes; and foretold fair or foul weather: and, what was very remarkable, his predictions always proved true, unless they happened to turn out otherwise, which was often the case. But among all his other qualifications, the brilliancy of his wit, and the keenness of his repartee gained him most admirers; for indeed, to make use of a quotation from Hudibras: “for every why he had a wherefore.”—At length the fame of this witty tonsor reached the ears of the viceroy, who re-

solved to know if those who said so much of his capacity, had not exceeded the truth. With this intent, he sent orders for him to come to shave him, in order to hear him talk a little : but the barber, bridling his natural loquacity, kept a respectful silence ; and performed his operation without uttering a syllable, through fear of offending a personage of such great distinction. The viceroy was much mortified at his behaviour, and concluded, naturally enough, that he had been imposed upon, and that the barber was a stupid fellow ; he therefore drew from his pocket the smallest piece of copper money that is made use of in that kingdom, and gave it to the barber, with a look of the utmost contempt. “ Pray sir,” says the shaver after he had contemplated it at leisure, “ what change
“ am I to return your excellency out of
“ this ?”

“ this ?” the viceroy was so well satisfied with this repartee, that he not only made him a very liberal present at that time, but also employed him as his barber ever after.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

A TALE.

A certain goldsmith in the city of London, had in his shop a journeyman, who was both an excellent workman, and extreamly sober and diligent. At length the summer drew on, and people of fashion consequently repairing to their seats in the country, the goldsmith's business began to stagnate for awhile; for which reason he would very willingly have got rid of his journeyman, in order to save expence; and only waited some
plan.

plausible occasion of discharging him from his service. One day, as they both sat together at work in the shop, a cat belonging to one of the neighbours happened to run by the door: "z--ds, cries the goldsmith, " what a fine rabbit there " is," " a rabbit, fir," replies the man, " indeed you are mistaken, 'tis a cat;" " but I say 'twas a rabbit," continues the master. " Indeed, fir, you mistake," cries the other. " Z--ds, fir," cries the master, " do you contradict me? allow " it to be a rabbit, or pack up your alls " and march this moment." The journeyman, upon considering how inconvenient it would be to him to go away at that dead time of the year, when he would find it so difficult to procure himself another place, thought it were best to comply with this strange humour of his master's, and acknowledged that it was a rabbit; and by this means defeated

his scheme, which was to get rid of him. The journeyman, however, upon a little reflection, easily perceived with what design his master had metamorphosed the cat into a rabbit, and resolved to render him *qui pro quo*, the very first convenient opportunity that should offer.

Winter at length approaching, the town began to fill, and tradesmen of all sorts to rouse from their inactivity, and bustle about as busy as bees. The goldsmith, among the rest, had now more business upon his hands than he could conveniently manage, and would have been very loth, at so critical a juncture, to have lost his man. One day, while he and his journeyman sat together at work in the shop, the brick-dust-man happened to come by, mounted on his ass, with his bags before him. "Z--ds," cries the journeyman, "what a fine horse
" there

“ there is ! “ a horse,” replies the master,
 “ why, you fool, that’s an afs !” “ but
 “ I say ’tis an horse,” continues the man.
 “ And I say ’tis an afs,” replies the
 master. “ Z--ds, sir,” exclaims the man,
 “ do you contradict me ? allow it to be
 “ an horse, or I pack up my alls and
 “ depart this moment.” “ Well, well,”
 cries the master who would submit to any
 thing rather than part with him at this
 time, “ ’tis an horse, ’tis an horse.”

LET

LETHIM LAUGH THAT WINS.

A TALE.

PIOVANO Arlotto was a man of infinite wit and humour, insomuch that he became the delight of all persons of true taste and genius, and the envy of all those would-be wits, who vainly aspired to imitate him. An Italian curate of the latter class, invited Piovano Arlotto to dine with him one day, along with some other curates of his acquaintance; hoping he should be able to make his guests merry at the expence of Arlotto. His
other

other guests happening to come before Arlotto, "I'll tell you what, gentlemen," said he, "Arlotto has the reputation of being a wag; how justly he may have deserved it I know not: I think, however, it would not be at all amiss, if we were to foil him at his own weapons, and render him ridiculous in his turn. I have thought of a scheme, that I am confident will answer our purpose. My clerk you know is sick, and I have no one else to wait at table: now I intend to propose, that we shall cast lots to determine who shall go to the cellar to draw the wine; and wait at table while the others sit at dinner; and I will take care to order it so, that the lot shall fall upon Arlotto." This scheme the other curates immediately assented to, and upon the arrival of Arlotto, carried their scheme into execution. Arlotto immediately smacked the jest,

and

and resolving, since his host seemed so fond of a joke, to repay him in his own coin, took up the empty bottles, and marched away to the cellar to fill them, while the others sat down to dinner, and chuckled to think how well this plot had succeeded.

Arlotto having drawn his wine, came up again, and setting down the bottles upon the table: "gentlemen," said he, "you see I have executed punctually the commission, which fortune was pleased to confer upon me: we will now, if you think fit, cast lots, in order to determine which of us shall go down again to put in the spiggot, and save the wine, which I have left running about." The master of the house hearing this, and knowing Arlotto to be a man capable of playing him such a trick, talked no more of casting lots, but
run

run as fast as his legs would carry him, to save the precious remains of his liquor. At his return he failed not to load Arlotto with reproaches for playing him so shrewd a trick. "Sir," replied he, "you have no reason to complain, for I fulfilled exactly my commission, which enjoined me to draw the wine, but not to stop the casks of an host, who performs so ill the honours of his house."

TELL

TELL TRUTH AND SHAME
THE DEVIL.

A TALE.

THERE reigned formerly in the kingdom of Utopia, a monarch of great spirit, and generosity, who scorned, by a sordid parsimony, to degenerate from the bounteous hospitality of his illustrious predecessors. This good prince, though a foreigner, delighted much in our British method of entertaining ; for which reason the smoaking firloin, with its concomitant pudding made their daily appearance at his table : the smoak of his kitchens was conspicuous for miles, and waisted

wasted up to heaven the continual prayers
of the poor, who were fed with the
crumbs from his table.

Oh time ! keen toothed time, who
breakfast often upon tough iron, and
harder adamant, without the least fear of
an indigestion, couldst thou not spare so
amiable, so beloved a prince ? p-x on
thy voracious maw that gluts itself alike
with friend, and foe ! listen now to the
prophetic vengeance my muse shall de-
nounce against thee ! mayest thou, from
that fatal period when thou didst deprive
us of a monarch, whose memory, not-
withstanding thy treachery, shall do thee
eternal honour ; mayest thou prowl, like
an hungry wolf, through those abodes
formerly sacred to the blooming goddess
of plenty, where thou didst once use to
regale on the forgotten remains of tender
pullets, soft custards, and costly tanzies,
nor

nor find aught to satisfy thy raging appetite, but naked dressers and empty porridge pots ! mayest thou never slack thy thirst with generous Burgundy, or sparkling champaign ; nor be indulged to mollify thy parched up victuals, with any liquor beyond the small beer caudle, which shall be distributed upon certain solemn occasions, in scanty pittance : and lastly, mayest thou be heavy laden with the curses of cashiered cooks, discarded scullions, and starving turnspits !

In short the good king demised, and was interred ; and dame generosity, unable to survive him, was inhumed in the same monument. The kitchens now cease to throw up their wonted fumes, more fragrant to the empty stomach than the odoriferous rose, or sweeter smelling violet ; and where once fair plenty sat enthroned, famine and penury took up
their

their detested residence. Œconomy is now, for the first time, styled a princely virtue; and 'tis found more expedient, that the prince should fill his own coffers to bribe a vote, and hold the liberty of his people in a string, than imitate the virtues of his ancestors.

There was a fool at court---indeed there were many---but the personage we are now speaking of, was well paid for his folly; and received a greater stipend for his buffoonry, than many learned men did for their genuine wit, and superiour talents. This facetious gentleman took it in his head one day, to nail up the seats of all the privies belonging to the palace. The monarch having been informed of this procedure, immediately sent for his buffoon, and asked him his reasons for committing so great a piece of insolence? the buffoon

fool hem'd and ha'd, and begged to be excused from disclosing the motives that had induced him to it; but the king growing angry, and insisting upon a peremptory answer: "my liege," quoth he, "since your majesty insists upon knowing, I will e'en tell the truth and shame the devil: you must know then, that I nailed up the seats of the privies, because, I thought them superfluous, after your majesty had nailed up the doors of your kitchens."

WIT IN A VILLAGE.

A TALE.

WE are too apt to entertain a mean opinion of provincials, and imagine, because they live at a distance from the court, and what we call the polite world, that they are incapable of uttering any thing humorous, or witty. Yet it often happens that nature, and a tolerable education, give a person those advantages, which a court alone with all its politeness cannot impart. Wit is no dependant upon birth, nor on all the toils and pains of the most laboured edu-

education: for we often see, that men of the most illustrious birth, enjoy but a very scanty pittance of genius. That vivacity, that fund of genuine humour, which gives such an happy, and agreeable turn to our thoughts, are not always the concomitants of fortune, but are common to persons of different rank, and condition. The following laconic tale, which we shall recite in order to prove the veracity of what we have advanced, may be depended upon as a fact.

At the Chateau de Richlieu in France, one day that the Cardinal of that name happened to go there, all the neighbouring villages sent to compliment that minister upon his arrival there, and, amongst the rest, the little village of Mirebalais, famous for a fair for asses, which is held there annually, sent its
am-

ambassador. The schoolmaster of the place, who (though placed by fortune in so humble a station was worthy, on account of his wit and learning, to share a better fate) was deputed in the name of the inhabitants, to present their respects to the cardinal, and pay him the compliments usual upon such occasions.

A certain lord in the cardinal's retinue, who was red-haired, and whose stature was below the middle size, happening to be present at the time the schoolmaster was making his harangue to the cardinal, thought that it would be no very difficult matter to make a butt of the poor schoolmaster, and cut him off short in the middle of his discourse. With this intent he interrupted him: "hark ye, friend," cries he, "what did asses sell for, at your last village fair?" The schoolmaster immediately
turned

turned about, and, casting a look at him expressive of the contempt he held him in, answered with the greatest presence of mind : “ sir, those of your size, and “ colour sold for about ten crowns ; ” and then continued his discourse with all the calmness, and unconcern imaginable. The courtier, who little expected so smart and witty a reply, immediately retired, unable to stand the jokes, the sneers, and repeated peals of laughter, which served to eccho his disgrace ; and the cardinal was so highly pleased with the humour of the schoolmaster, that he not only made him an handsome present at that time, but took the first opportunity of providing for him genteely at court ; and the consumer of birch, no doubt, thanked the courtier, to whose insipidity he stood indebted for the favours that had been conferred upon him.

The End of the First Volume.



